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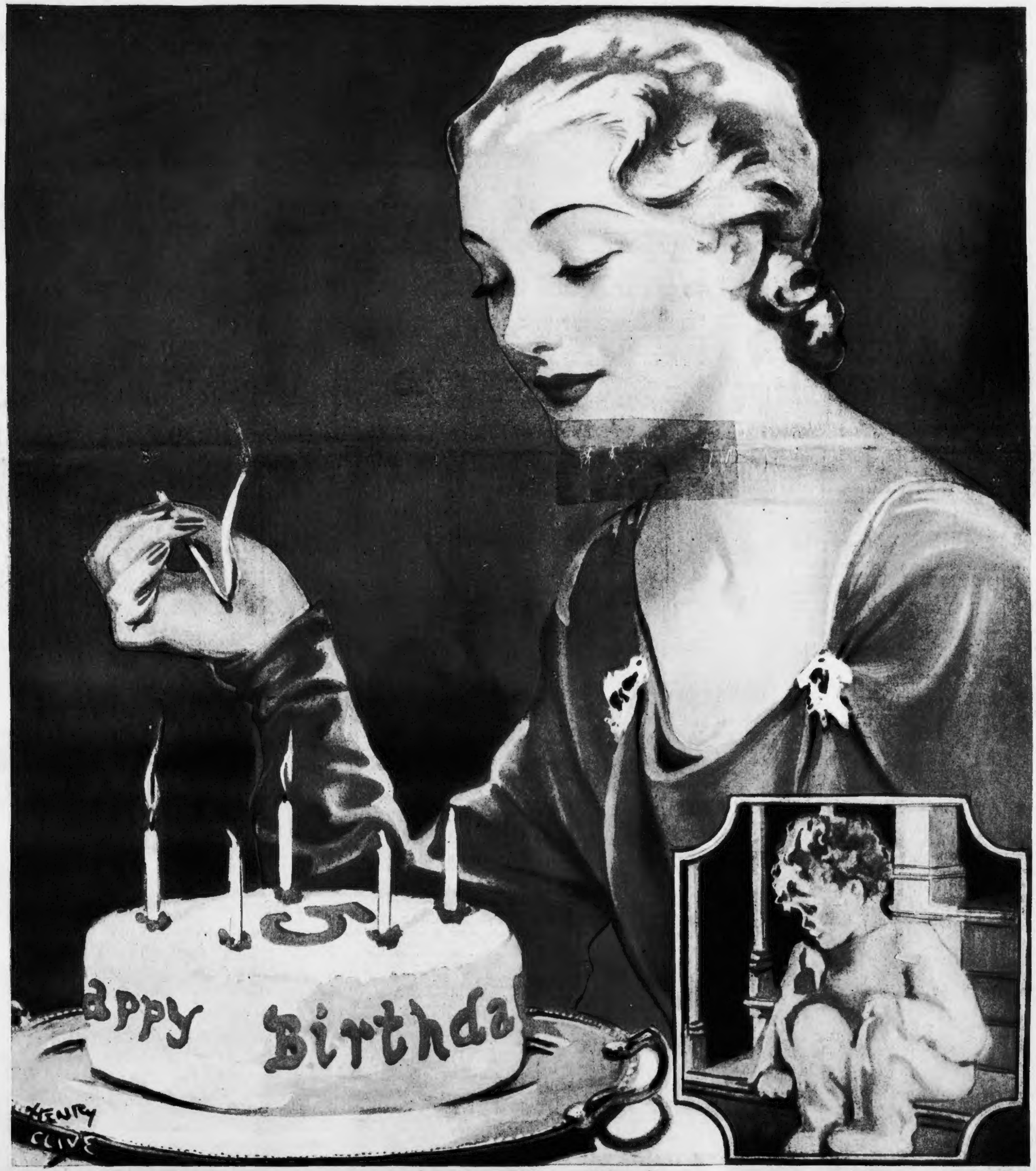
Girls Men Don't Forget—

A New Series of Paintings by Henry Clive



At the Age of Five—"Mama"

Twice a "Widow" of Legionnaires She Never Met

PIRY HAJDUSKA, 19 years old and pretty, has come to the unhappy conclusion that it is not in the stars for her to experience the deep satisfaction of romantic love. It might seem, because she never has been married—nor clasped in the arms of a lover who proposed to her—that she is putting on something of an act, that she is just another overwrought young woman who thinks too much about matters that she might well postpone until she grows a little older.

But such is not the case. Although the girl, who is studying for a dramatic career at the Budapest Stage Academy, has never said her vows at the altar, she is known all over Europe as the heartbroken "widow" of two members of the Foreign Legion. She had met neither, and both of them died under tragic circumstances.

Her first luckless romance began when she answered an advertisement she saw in a French magazine to which she subscribed to help her in her study of the French language. The advertisement was inserted by a lonely young man who signed himself cryptically "Legionnaire 23." He was stationed at a remote post in the desert and craved an occasional letter from someone—anyone who would tell him of goings-on in the world beyond the sun-parched sand dunes.

Out of the kindness of her heart, Piry dispatched a letter to this nameless member of the "Legion of the Damned" and months later received a grateful reply from one Pierre Rodier, a young Belgian of good family, who had joined the Legion because he could not face his parents after squandering several thousand francs during a fling at life in the gay French capital.

The Legionnaire and the girl corresponded for months and the upshot of their correspondence was an engagement, agreed to after an exchange of photographs.

Then the letters from Africa stopped and after a silence of nearly three months during which Piry was torn by doubts and fears, the postman brought an envelope bearing a Moroccan stamp. The writing was not Pierre's.

The letter came from another Legionnaire, one Stanislaw Lipinski, who related with military bluntness how, during a long march, Pierre had contracted blood poisoning in a cut on his foot and, four days later, died.

"On his deathbed," the letter read, "he gave me your address and asked me to write to you. He was my best friend. Your letters brought light and happiness into my life as it did into his. Would you continue writing to me for his sake?"

Lipinski was a Polish boy. He had no relatives. Pierre had been his one intimate friend in all the world. The girl's heart was touched and again letters passed between Budapest and the desert wastes of North Africa. This other Legionnaire, like his dead comrade, fell in love with the girl he never had seen and before long was scribbling her impassioned pleas to avoid entangling alliances until he could serve out his time and come to her in Budapest. Piry was cautious this time and tried to keep the correspondence on a comradely basis. She did intimate that she would be waiting when Stanislaw got out of the Legion, two years from then, but she made no promise of marriage.

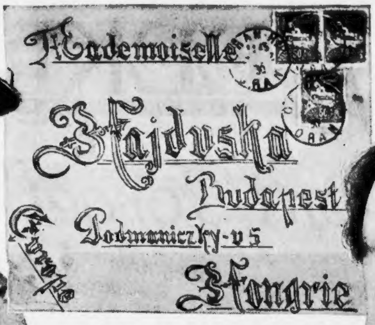
Again Fate took a hand, and, month after month, no word came from the seemingly love-sick soldier somewhere in the barren hinterlands of Morocco. Then the girl received an official looking envelope from the French Consul in Tilmi.

The letter explained that Legionnaire Lipinski had taken his own life and that he was enclosing a note found clasped in his lifeless hand. The note read, in part: "As punishment for a small breach of rules I was ordered to serve six months longer. I can't bear any more of this torture. . . If you were near me I could bear anything. . . I love you more than any words can express. May you be very happy. That is my last wish."

Thus it was Piry Hajduska became a "widow" for the second time within a year and came to the conclusion that her life is dominated by some dark star which ordains that romance is not for her. Her sorrow was made more acute by the conviction that, had she given her second unseen love a definite promise to marry him, he might have had the courage to go on with life.

Below—Stanislaw Lipinski, the Polish Legionnaire, Who "Inherited" Pretty Piry From His Dead Friend, and Then Committed Suicide.

Pierre Rodier, the Belgian, Whose Romance With the Hungarian Girl Began Through a Newspaper Advertisement, and Who Died Before He Met the Girl With Whom He Had Fallen in Love.



Mademoiselle
Hajduska
Budapest
Podmaniczky-u 5
Europe
Hongrie

A Sample of Pierre's Elaborate Writing, Which Characterized All His Letters to the Heartbroken Piry.

Piry Hajduska, the 19-Year-Old Student, Who Has Had Two Romances Collapse Without Ever Having Met the Men Who Wanted to Marry Her.

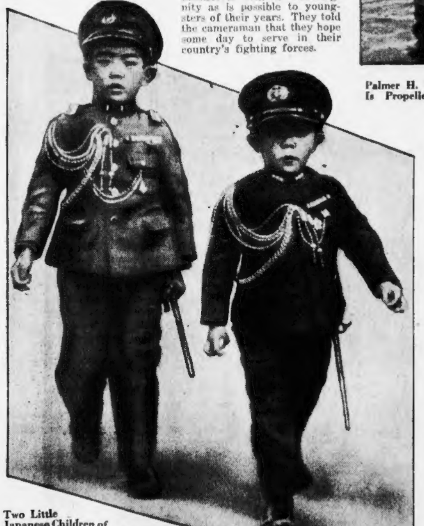
Commanders In Miniature

THE war lords of the Land of the Rising Sun may seem short-sighted individuals to peace-loving citizens of the world, but they are far-sighted enough to understand that the way to imbue a nation with the fighting spirit is to "catch 'em young" and bring them up believing that service in the army and navy is a privilege and an honor.

The photograph below was taken on the streets of Tokyo during the nation-wide celebration of the 2,595th anniversary of the accession of the Emperor Jimmu to the Japanese throne. The occasion was of the greatest solemnity because the Japanese believe utterly that their long line of rulers are blessed with divinity as well as the usual attributes of intelligent human beings.

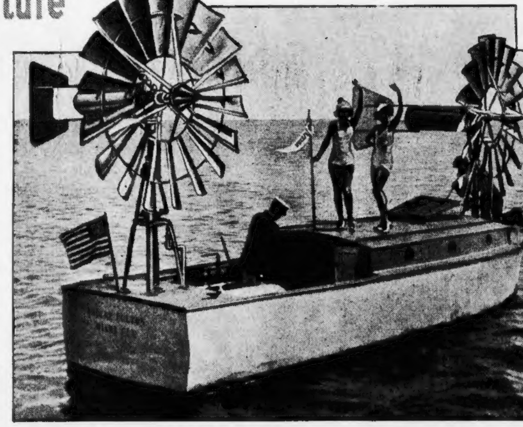
All over the country there were rites in the courtyards of temples and in the streets of cities, towns and hamlets—and the war note was dominant. Every ceremony was attended by men in the uniform of the army and navy and thousands of boys too young to bear arms were arrayed in the habiliments of war. In some ways this dressing up of the very young is the most emphatic indication that Japan is determined to become and remain what her leaders choose to call the "Protector of Asia."

The almond-eyed lads in the picture attracted a great deal of attention because their outfits are miniature reproductions of the uniforms of a general in the army and an admiral in the navy. To the last button and bit of braid these costumes were correct and the boys bore themselves with as much dignity as is possible to youngsters of their years. They told the cameraman that they hope some day to serve in their country's fighting forces.



WIDE WORLD

Two Little Japanese Children of Military Officers, Parading in a General's and an Admiral's Uniform, on the Occasion of Tokyo's Celebration Recently of the 2,595th Anniversary of the Accession of the First Emperor.



Palmer H. Crary, a Descendant of Robert Fulton, Has Just Completed This Sea-Going Windmill Boat, Which Is Propelled by Compressed Air. Crary and the Pretty Florida Bathing Girls Are Seen Starting Out on a Trial Trip From Miami.

Sea-going Windmill Boat

WHEN Palmer H. Crary first took the queer looking craft shown in the photograph above out on the waters off Miami, Florida, his fellow citizens wondered whether they were "seeing things." The hull of the boat looked orthodox enough, but, fore and aft, were a couple of things that resembled the windmills used to pump water in the country's farming sections.

Fishermen forgot to emulate their patron saint, Izaak Walton, and crowds lined the shore to figure out, if possible, what manner of vessel had found its way to the warm waters of Florida. Some of Mr. Crary's friends jokingly inquired if pondering the economic situation had affected his mind and inspired him to give tangible form to some fantastic dream.

The inventor smiled patiently and suggested that his cronies "wait and see what happened" before they made too much sport of him and his windmill boat. He admitted that it didn't look sensible and explained that it was the first expression of an idea which might interest a lot of people one of these days.

Strangely enough, Mr. Crary is the only living descendant of Robert Fulton, the man who is credited with inventing the steamboat—although there have been other claimants to that great distinction. He does not maintain that he inherited a yearning to play the pioneer in devising boats, but he does insist that there may be a bright future for the windmill boat.

The hull of the boat is practically the same as that of any other small motor cruiser. It is 26 feet long and can comfortably accommodate half a dozen passengers. Instead of the usual motor it has a specially constructed motor which is operated by compressed air. The motor is equipped with a shaft and a propeller like the standard gasoline engine, or Diesel power plant, but its fuel is the free air.

The twin windmills, spinning in the ocean breeze, drive air into pipes which lead into storage tanks. There are two of these tanks—one for each windmill—and each tank is so made that it can hold air at a maximum pressure of 150 pounds to the square inch.

Other pipes lead from the tanks to the motor. These pipes are fitted with special control valves so that the compressed air can be fed to the engine at pressure varying from 20 to 150 pounds to the square inch. Engineers are taking a keen interest in the windmill boat which draws its power from the great outdoors and is, therefore, extremely economical to operate.

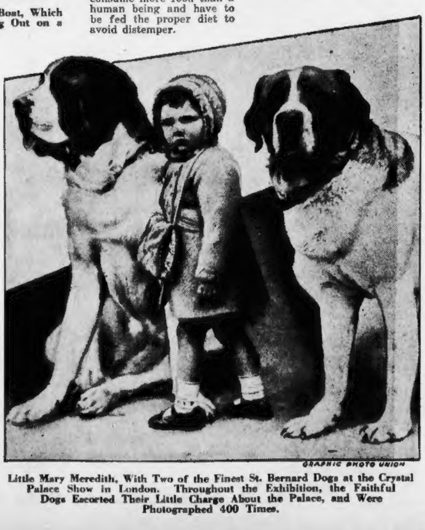
Little Mary's Big Bodyguards

OF all the pictures snapped at the recent annual Kennel Club show in London's Crystal Palace, none of them found their way into more magazines and newspapers in the British Isles and on the Continent than the one reproduced below. It was hardly a beauty-and-the-beast sort of picture because the massive St. Bernard is known all over the world as the gentlest as well as one of the largest of dogs. But the picture did show, in a striking way, how big the dogs grew.

The proud young resident of England standing between the ponderous pets is Miss Mary Meredith and she just about stole the show in her several walks around the arena holding to the stout leashes attached to the heavy collars of the animals. As one spectator remarked, she looked like the tiny heroine of some fairy tale protected by a pair of legendary beasts, either of which could have snuffed out her life with one gulp.

To spectators who did not appreciate the fine points of judging St. Bernards the dogs were "huge" and Miss Meredith was "sweet," but to those dog fanciers who know their way about at a kennel show the big fellows were blue ribbon winners and the interesting result of many years of careful breeding. It is seldom that such perfect types are seen in England or anywhere else because of the difficulties of raising St. Bernards with straight backs and strong legs. For some reason weak legs and slightly "saddle" backs crop out in the purest strains of the breed.

The St. Bernard is still used in certain sections of the Swiss Alps to rescue travelers but it is not bred as much as it was a generation or two ago when more people had the room and the means for keeping such sizable pets. Such dogs, of course, should never be kept in city apartments because they need plenty of exercise to keep them in prime condition and it is difficult for them to get it on congested city streets. They consume more food than a human being and have to be fed the proper diet to avoid distemper.



GRAPHIC PHOTO UNION

Little Mary Meredith, With Two of the Finest St. Bernard Dogs at the Crystal Palace Show in London. Throughout the Exhibition, the Faithful Dogs Escorted Their Little Charge About the Palace, and Were Photographed 400 Times.

Richest Man and the Luckiest Man in the World

Like an "Arabian Nights" Tale Is the Career of the Ragged Shepherd Boy Who Was Found Asleep, Guarded by a Cobra, and Was Carried Off to the Palace and Put on the Throne of Baroda, India

His Highness the Gaekwar Listens to the News of the Day as One of His Twenty-five Secretaries Reads Him a Little Hand-made Newspaper.

Soldiers on Guard in Front of the Royal Gold Cannon. This Extraordinary Artillery Is Made of Solid Gold, Thick Enough So the Guns Will Stand a Heavy Charge of Powder.

The Royal Palace at Baroda, Where His Highness Lives With His Wife, the Maharani. This Is a Building With Tower and Minarets Like the Magic Castles of the "Arabian Nights." In the Vaults of the Castle Are Enormous Treasures of Gold and Silver.

INT'L.

His Royal Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda.

Sentinel on Guard in Front of the Entrance to the Treasure Room of the Palace Where There Are Bushels of Precious Stones and Bullion Treasure.

LONDON, May 18.

POISED a few inches from the head of a sleeping child was the hooded head of a king cobra, one of the largest and deadliest snakes in the world.

Four wise men of India watched the alarming sight a while then, instead of driving the snake away, they wandered on, visited the wretched hovel of the child's parents and decided that this penniless, illiterate boy should be the next Gaekwar (King) of Baroda. He is now believed to be the richest man in the world and certainly the most extraordinary character of all the great personages who have come to England to celebrate the King's Jubilee, a character straight out of the "Arabian Nights."

This Indian Prince has solid gold cannon. Though gold is a poor metal for artillery, these are so thick that they actually stand the strain of being fired. Those guns are worth more than the biggest on any of King George's super-dreadnoughts. His Majesty has no bed in any of his palaces nor could he borrow one in Great Britain or all the rest of the world as valuable as one of the Gaekwar's which looks as if it were an extra large brass bedstead. Ordinary brass beds are hollow, but this one is solid, also it is not brass but pure gold. In the crypts under his palaces, the Gaekwar has jewels and golden ornaments stored away in great bins and in such quantities as a wholesaler might keep his stock of hardware. However, it is not so much the wealth and power of the man as how he reached the heights from the worst possible start, which makes the Gaekwar so remarkable.

In America boys without any advantages at all have worked their way from office boy to immensely rich president, so often that it is almost commonplace, but they can't have self-made men in India. The miracle happened a little over sixty years ago.

A village boy sat down under his favorite mango tree to shelter himself from the scorching heat of the noonday sun. It was outside one of the smallest and poorest villages of the Indian state of Baroda where most of the rest of the soil is so fertile that the principality is called the Indian Garden of Eden, and the child's father was one of the poorest men in that poverty-stricken village. The child had no money, no education, no friends or relatives with any means or influence. It would have been hard in all the world to have found a lad with less hope of ever getting anywhere.

His task was to watch a small herd of scraggly cattle belonging to his family and others. In return for this he got no pay except a little food and room enough to stretch his small bones on the floor of his father's hut. Some day he might marry, build another wretched hut and produce another large, wretched and hopeless family, but it would be quite unlikely that their combined assets would ever be worth $50.

It was the noon hour and quite all right for him to take a nap because he knew that during the mid-day heat the animals had sense enough to seek shade and therefore could be trusted not to wander away. He munched his lunch, consisting of a little black bread and curried berries, stretched himself under the tree and composed his mind for sleep. Just before closing his eyes, he saw far down the road which passed near the tree, four figures trudging slowly through the heat.

One glance told him that they were travelers, strangers. Strangers had no message for him, nor had he any for them. His dialect made conversation hard, his ignorance made it almost impossible to answer even the simplest question they might ask, nor could he understand what they told him. Such conversations were humiliating, and he desired to be asleep before the strangers reached him. He was.

Little did the boy dream that fate, golden opportunity was dawdling and shuffling along toward him. In America one must be awake, alert, on one's toes, when opportunity passes through the street. But in India everything is reversed. This child, though not exactly asleep at the switch, was asleep, which is exactly right in India.

Slowly the tired old men shambled up to the mango tree. They looked more like tramps than wise men but that is the way wise men always have looked in India. Also their knowledge consists almost exclusively of information that would be utterly worthless in any white man's country, stuff the white man decided to forget 1,000 years ago.

These men had spotted the boy's tree as a likely place under which to rest, but what they saw there made them change their minds. They beheld a small, almost naked, undernourished boy sleeping peacefully in his rags. But a dreadful visitor had silently joined him. The hooded head of a large king cobra was gently waving a few inches above the child's unconscious skull.

The wise men looked and swapped wisdom in whispers. If they attempted to drive the deadly reptile away they might awake the sleeper, who would probably make a move, causing the fangs to be driven into his flesh and ending the career of this poor, little nobody. That problem was presently lost in a far bigger one. They noticed that the sun had moved so that the cobra's wide hood was acting as a sunshade for the sleeper.

Indian wise men are full of snake wisdom and know that when a cobra elevates its head over a human being it means that the person so honored is destined to be a ruler or a corpse. It happened that these and several hundred other learned men were wandering about Baroda in search of a future ruler for that principality. The last Gaekwar, a dissolute mis-ruler of his state, had died and the throne was occupied temporarily by the childless widow of his brother.

There being no legitimate heir, it had been agreed that she was to adopt the most likely boy to be found in all Baroda. To the wise men the behavior of the cobra was a sure indication that this was the boy they were all looking for. Bowing respectfully to the cobra and the snoozing youngster, they passed into the village to spend the afternoon talking with the boy's awed parents.

Had the snake killed the boy, all would have known that the gods had changed their mind or their sign had been misread. The fact that he came tripping home for supper, unscathed, confirmed the other theory. Meanwhile, enough garments had been collected in the village for him to travel with the wise men, as far as the first big city, where a really princely outfit was purchased. Arrived at the palace in the capital, he met hundreds of other boys equally well dressed, all brought in by similar learned men in their state-wide boy roundup.

Each had some sort of divine indication to recommend him for the great office of Gaekwar Maharajah of Baroda. But the cobra omen was the biggest and best of all and its candidate won. The other boys were sent home, loaded with presents as consolation prizes. Nobody had bothered to test the candidates to see if any of them had as much as average brains.

By the will of the gods or pure luck, this boy, nominated by a snake, happened to have intelligence and character. From the moment he was taken into the palace, tutors from all parts of the world were assembled to give him the finest education he could absorb. Had he been a moron, little of it would have penetrated his skull, and that little would have caused him to make fatal experiments at his country's expense. But this boy could take it, and understand it. Somehow, this committee of gods, wise men and a poisonous snake had done better than one would hope from a public election.

From the day that boy, who started life about the most under-privileged child in the world, ascended the throne he made himself felt, not only in Baroda but in all India. At first there was a storm of opposition at his advanced ideas, such as compulsory education of all male children, sanitary laws which the Indian native resents because he thinks them a new and heretical form of religion. The new Gaekwar might have lost his throne and all his titles but for the steadfast support of the British Government. The following are not all his titles, but enough so if anyone should write him a letter it would probably reach one of his secretaries:

His Highness Farzand-I-Khas-I-Daulat-I-Inglishia, Maharajah Sir Sayajirao Gaekwar III, Sena Khas Khel, Shumshere Bahadur, G. C. S. I., G. C. I. E., LL. D., Maharajah of Baroda.

Gaekwar is the Baroda equivalent of the usual Hindu title for sovereign prince—Maharajah.

One legal snag had to be removed before the herdsman's son could sit securely on the throne and take on all those titles. The conqueror who had founded the dynasty had written a sort of constitution, listing all his powers and rights, which covered most anything that a modern could think of except the moving picture rights but very few limitations on his successors, except that they must be of his blood.

To straighten this out another committee of wise men was sent to the little village, where they gossiped with the oldest inhabitants and returned with a report which was probably fiction but which made the boy constitutional. According to this, it seems that a relative of the founder had wandered off from the capital and preferred to settle in that village, perhaps because it was the wretchedest in all India. There he had set himself up as a holy man, living an unworldly life in all respects except that he had left so many children that the entire village was now related to him. Thus the present ruler is officially designated as a distant relative.

The Gaekwar rules over his 2,000,000 subjects from a 700-room palace, 250 miles north of Bombay. Though probably the richest man in the world, wealthier than the Nizam of Hyderabad, he tries not to advertise that fact any more than can be helped. Also he would like to cut down much of the pomp and lavish display maintained at his palace, but there are reasons to prevent it. If he were seen to be economizing, his humbler subjects would become uneasy in the fear that something had happened to the great treasure, and someone would start a revolution. Also such economy would throw many people out of work.

Like all the other rich Indian princes, he has been exhorted to open the treasury and put all that idle gold to work. His answer is that these vast liquid funds are a reserve against invaders and other national calamity. If he should blow them all in there would be a grand boom, with rise in prices followed by a collapse, and a bankrupt treasury to meet the next emergency. He is laying up real money for a rainy day, while the big nations of the world are laying up debts.

Nevertheless, the present Gaekwar has spent many millions, more than he willingly admits, on parks, water supplies, hospitals and schools. During his reign he has raised the percentage of literacy in Baroda from 4 to 22, whereas the average in India is 5 per cent able to read even the headlines of a paper. He subscribes to nearly every important paper in the world but rarely reads any one of them.

Instead, he has a staff of 25 editors and readers who, every day, prepare from them a private, typewritten paper consisting of digests of the world's news for his exclusive benefit, which he reads before going to bed. It is a sort of one-subscriber daily newspaper. If any item interests him specially he calls for the original source, and if this is in a language which he cannot read it is translated to him by someone who knows that tongue.

Asked why, though he seeks to be the best-informed man in the world, he rarely devotes an hour a day to reading, the ruler replied:

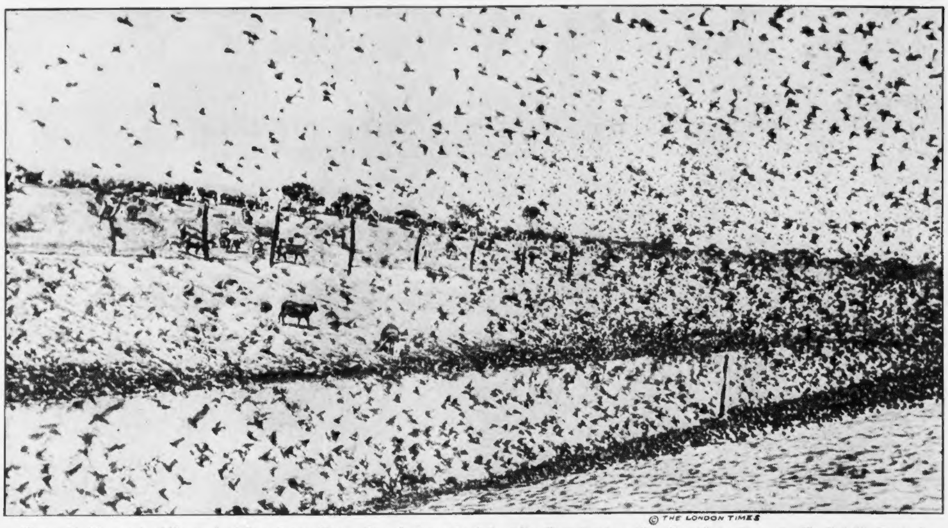
"That is all the time I can afford toward becoming a wise man. The rest of the day I must spend in applying that wisdom, which is harder than acquiring it. The learned man is like the miner who knows how to dig precious nuggets from the earth but he is usually a fool at spending the treasure he finds. Borrow the wise man's information, it is precious, but beware of taking his advice. Let the armorer make your sword but never let him lead your army."

When a Plague of Green Parrots Swept Over Australia

AUSTRALIA, the "Land Down Under," is no stranger to the curious and the unusual. It is the home of the leaping kangaroo, the living Teddy Bear and the duck-billed Platypus, a fur-bearing animal that lays eggs. It has modern cities, as civilized as those of America and the European continent—and in its hinterlands it has aboriginal savages as wild and untamed as the most primitive members of the human race to be found on earth today.

But there are times when even the natives of Australia are surprised at what goes on in their quarter of the globe. The photograph at the right is graphic evidence of this. It shows, believe it or not, a plague of green parrots which recently and unexpectedly swept over South Australia.

Reproduced in black and white the picture, taken by a cameraman who was almost knocked down by the noisy armada, does not show that the air literally was green with the birds. When the sheep-raising farmers on the border of South and Western Australia first saw the pestilence approaching from the distance some of them thought that Nature had gone daffy and was filling the air with a new kind of cloud, as green as jade. But as the cloud sped nearer, with the ear-splitting din of a thousand radio loud speakers all squawking at once, they knew that it was no accumulation of vapor but a fear-inspiring squadron made up of millions of parrots.


© THE LONDON TIMES

Remarkable Photograph of Thousands of Green Parrots Massing Recently Over a South Australian Sheep Ranch, as They Were Moving Eastward. The Veritable Cloud of Brilliantly Green Birds Gave the Entire Countryside a Verdant Aspect.

There wasn't much that the farmers could do about the phenomenon. It was no good firing shotguns into the cloud, although they tried that. Building smudges to fill the air with pungent smoke was equally ineffective because the fires would have to cover acres to do much good. The best that the victims of the onslaught could do was to stand at the water holes where their herds of sheep drink and try to keep the parrots from polluting the precious supply, which is none too plentiful in that section of Australia.

Men, women and children labored day and night to drive the unwelcome visitors away. They had to cover their faces with heavy thicknesses of cloth and with netting, much like that used by beekeepers, to protect themselves from the fast-moving bodies of the birds. But the parrots were on a rampage and, in their aerial maneuvers, inflicted several casualties.

Just what sent the parrots out of the forests into the open country is not known, but it is supposed that weather conditions cut down their normal supply of food and that they had bred so prolifically that there was an over-population of the prettily feathered creatures.

Government agents rushed to the area on which the parrots descended and began to plan a war against the birds in case they didn't go back to their habitat. Their greatest fear was that the millions of birds would sweep across the open plains in their mad migration and get into the farming sections where they would destroy millions of dollars worth of fruit and garden crops.

Some months before the avalanche of parrots, certain sections of South and Western Australia were hit by a plague of grasshoppers which just about impoverished farmers. The Government is trying to find out whether there is any connection between the two pestilential mass movements.

Hated School, So They Killed Teacher

MANY a school teacher in the American hinterlands has suffered rough treatment at the hands of husky pupils who developed an aversion for formal education and individuals whose job it is to disseminate it. But seldom have the protests resulted in anything more serious than boisterous roughings-up that have sent the teachers flying to the chairman of the school board to ask protection or to hand in indignant resignations.

In Mexico they do things differently—and more violently. Once in awhile the swarthy pupils in some outlying school take a definite dislike to the person whose job it is to teach them to read and write. The boys and girls in the steaming republic below the Rio Grande are used to direct action. For generations their countrymen have indulged in the rough-and-tumble sport of revolution and the youngsters see no reason why they should pull their punches when they are in the mood to object to something they don't like.

A few weeks ago the youngsters in a rural school in the farming community of Montenegro made up their minds that they had enough of the man who was trying to divest them of some of their ignorance. They did not lay hands upon the teacher in school, but assembled in the evening and descended in a body on the man's modest home after he had gone to bed.

Two or three of the biggest boys pulled the teacher from his couch and out into the yard where they and their classmates proceeded to pelt him with stones until he fell to the ground, dead.

Villagers found the situation amusing and exciting. They refused to lift a hand to save the teacher or to restrain their young bloods who later explained to a not very interested judge that they "didn't want a school and didn't want to learn anything." The leader of the pupils gave fair warning to the authorities that the same fate awaited any other instructor sent to take the position so violently vacated.

King is Gone, But Beauty Reigns

KEYSTONE VIEW CO

"Miss Siam" Is the Title Bestowed for 1935 Upon Miss Kanna Sawang, Recently Awarded the Beauty Crown in Her Country's Annual Beauty Contest, Which Was Not Disturbed This Year Even Though the Country Lost Its King.

A FEW weeks ago little King Prajadhipok of Siam summoned a hand-picked group of newspapermen to a country house in Surrey, England, to inform them, without pomp or ceremony, that he was no longer monarch of the country which he had ruled for many years as absolute czar.

The few plain words the King's secretary read said, in effect, that the all-powerful Emperor had stepped down from his throne because there seemed little hope of his country attaining as much democracy as he wanted it to enjoy.

His Queen, of course, ceased to be a regent the instant that Prajadhipok announced to the world that he was through, but Siam still has a Queen—the slant-eyed young woman shown in the photograph at the left. Her name is Kanna Dien Sawang, and for at least a year she will be Miss Siam, having been crowned that at a nation-wide contest a week or two before her country lost its ruler.

In a way the crowning of he beauty queen was proof that the ancient land is going more democratic and western in its ways all the time, for this was the first such pageant ever held in Siam and the populace had a lot of fun doing the sort of thing that many European countries have been doing for years.

Seventeen girls found their way into the finals and when the judges got around to putting a jeweled crown on the jet-black head of the pretty winner, the Chief Justice of the highest court in Bangkok took over the job of coronation. This gave the contest an official flavor and the thousands of natives gathered for the event cheered lustily, even those who had hoped that one or another of the finalists would bring back the beauty crown to her district of the Far Eastern realm.

The Best Scotch Story—And True

IN Manchester, New Hampshire, there's a gravestone which probably can be picked up at a bargain price. The name "Hubert" is engraved on the stone and behind it lies one of the best Scotch stories ever told, or imagined.

The true story begins many years ago, when a boy, skating on the Merrimac River, fell into an air hole and was drowned. His name was Herbert Finlayson, and, as the name indicates, his forebears came from the land of the bagpipe and thistle.

The lad's body was recovered and a monument maker was commissioned to carve a memorial for him. But this artisan made a grievous error and, instead of cutting the name "Herbert" on the gravestone he spelled the name of the deceased "Hubert." The mistake could not be corrected and another stone, bearing the right name, was etched and duly erected over the young man's resting place. The useless stone was stored in a barn.

In the course of time another son was born to the Finlaysons, and, oddly enough, he was named Hubert. It was not until Hubert had grown up and both his parents had joined their other son in the cemetery that he found out that his memorial was waiting for him, out in the barn and carefully wrapped in burlap to keep the surface of the stone clean against the sad day when it would be put to use. Hubert, his friends say, possessed a keen sense of humor, even about Scotch stories, and he often related how his thrifty folks had seen to it that he was provided with a marker to stand over his dust when it came time for him to say goodbye to the world.

Mr. Finlayson was a practical fellow, however, and he left instructions in his will for the stone to be put on his grave at the appropriate time. He did not stay in Manchester, but drifted away from home, as young men will, and eventually became a marine engineer. His job took him all over the world.

A few weeks ago relatives of the engineer received a cablegram telling them, in the terse, unsentimental language of such unhappy notifications, that their kinsman was no more. He was dead, but his body wouldn't be coming home because the Scot had been lost at sea during a storm.

The grimly humorous point of the story is this—there's still a gravestone in Manchester that can be had at a sacrifice by anyone who needs such a commodity marked with the name "Hubert."

Who Said That Cats Don't Laugh?

This Little Kitty Produced a Wide, Friendly Grin, as She Was Watching Her Owner Preparing Dinner.

THE Cheshire Cat in "Alice in Wonderland" was said, by the writer of that fantastic classic, to possess a grin so broad and so impressive that it remained suspended in midair even after the cat had vanished.

No real live cat has a smile like that, of course, but cats do smile—and more than one scholarly scientist believes that cats actually laugh because they are happy and feel contented with life.

The four remarkable cat pictures on this page seem to prove this contention beyond any doubt, although there are other students of zoology who refuse to believe that any of the animals, except the higher apes, are capable of laughing as human beings laugh. They think that such photographs as those on this page prove nothing except that the cats, without feeling any particular emotion, managed to get their facial features into expressions that looked extremely pleasant.

A few years ago Prof. Thaddeus L. Bolton, head of the department of psychology at Temple University, Philadelphia, surprised some of his colleagues and a lot of other people by asserting that it was his belief that many animals—including cats and dogs—smile and laugh much in the manner that humans register the happier reactions to life.

The American scholar was moved to make this interesting assertion by the blunt statement of Prof. F. Aveling, psychologist at the University of London, that all animals are incapable of laughter.

In his defense of the lower creatures, Prof. Bolton said: "It is preposterous to state that, outside of man, the hyena is the only animal that laughs. Most of the animals laugh. Horses and monkeys, crocodiles and frogs, cats, lions and tigers laugh. And the most obvious laughter in the animal kingdom is that of the dog."

The professor quoted an old jingle which goes like this: "There was once a young lady of Niger who went for a ride on a tiger. They came back from the ride with the lady inside—and a smile on the face of the tiger."

He pointed out that it was quite possible that, under such conditions, a tiger would smile and broadly — not because he was amused but because his appetite was appeased and he felt that all was right with the world.

Charles Darwin, the father of the theory of evolution, often observed that animals laugh and smile.

Food Did Not Inspire This Smile. The Cat Was Looking at a Kindred Soul, Preliminary to a Romp on the Lawn.

These Little Fellows Are Smiling As Their Mother Returns After a Foraging Expedition. Their Smiles Are Expressions of Fond Welcome.

An After-Dinner Smile. This Kitty Is "All Fed," and Contemplating a Comfortable Nap in Front of the Fireplace.

Was Eve a Blonde or a Brunette?

Interesting Discussion in a Prize Competition and Why It Was Finally Decided That Adam's Wife Had a Dark Complexion

From the Bible Story of the Creation.

And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.

And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him.

And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof;

And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman and brought her unto the man.

And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man.

Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh.

And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed.

The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose.

Genesis, Chapters 2 and 6.

The Creation of Eve, From Painting by G. F. Watts, Royal Academy.

Eve Tempted by the Serpent, From Painting by William Blake.

Adam and Eve Driven Out of the Garden of Eden. From Painting by Tissot.

Quaint Old Engraving From an Illustrated Bible Published in 1650, Showing Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden Surrounded by the Animals, While the Snake Tempts Eve With the Apple.

Mary Brown in the Carnival Portrayal of Mother Eve.

TO enliven the interest in the Cotton Carnival recently held at Memphis, Tenn., a prize was offered for the best answer to this question:

"WAS EVE A BLONDE OR BRUNETTE?"

Of course, there are no photographs of Mother Eve to point to, but the various letters received by contestants in the prize competition put forth arguments which are interesting, and some of them amusing, although the arguments are not always based upon scientific reasonings.

One of the letters draws this picture of the scene in the Garden of Eden:

"It came to pass in the world's first nudist colony, Eden. A light breeze stirred the forest but the sun was unbearably hot, to say nothing of Adam.

"Ever and anon, Adam swelled his great chest and let forth a plaintive bellow. It must have been an unpleasant afternoon for the birds and beasts, but Adam could take it and, as it presently transpired, so could Eve.

"For out of the forest strolled suddenly a lithe and statuesque brunette. We mean a blonde. No, anybody could see she was a——. Wait a minute; probably no one will ever know except Adam. All of this, as everyone knows, happened in the year several hundred thousand B. P. (Before Peroxide.) And it might well have been forgotten about the same time, except for the curiosity of you officials of the Memphis Cotton Carnival."

While the foregoing letter was in facetious tone, many of the hundreds of replies received by the committee were quite serious. Letters came in from Canada and Mexico, from lonely trappers in the north woods and debutantes from the fashionable residence sections of many northern cities. Curiously enough, the majority of answers came from men, and of the total letters received it was concluded that Eve was a blonde by about seven out of ten of the contestants. Nevertheless the judges awarded the prize to the writer of a letter who asserted that Eve was a brunette—the contest was decided on the basis of logic and common sense probability, rather than sentimental or fantastic notions.

The judges awarded the prize to Mr. Arthur P. Almond, of Knoxville, Tenn., and in their short comment they said:

"Letters preferring blondes are without reason, other than that 'gentlemen prefer blondes.'"

Even if Adam, running naked in the Garden, was a gentleman, there is no evidence that his preference for a blonde mate would have been recognized when, according to the Biblical narrative, his rib was transformed into the girl who was to be his wife.

While the contest was in the spirit of good, clean fun, of course, most of the contestants took themselves very seriously indeed.

Science, history, Biblical lore, mythology—all played their part in America's answer to a question which had probably never bothered it before.

Della Shaw, Castleford, Ontario, voted Eve a blonde and quoted the Bible:

"The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were FAIR, and took them wives of all which they chose."

And there was a generous sprinkling of red-head fans, although no member of the carnival committee could figure who asked them in.

Said Mrs. Sybil Apostle, Pensacola, Florida:

"Maybe she was a red-head, for she raised so much cain; but she didn't raise as much cain as she was able."

That's very good, Mrs. Apostle, very good, thought the committee.

And there was Al Roosa, of Kingston, New York. Al's letter put things very bluntly:

"Put a man and a woman together under the conditions of Eden and what do you get? Passion. And who of all the daughters of Eve, are more passionate than the red-heads?"

A. D. Hilliard, of Mountain View, Georgia, said: "My reason that Eve was a blonde is that Sunday night I dreamed I saw Eve and Adam in the garden. The sun was shining bright on her decidedly blonde hair. Adam standing in the shade was brunette."

T. A. Porter of Winston-Salem, N. C., sent in the following poem:

"Was Eve a blonde, was Eve a
brunette?
Humph! That's no problem—it's
easy to get:
Only a sweet, comely blonde
Could have done what Eve done—
Why, the dear little blondes,
they're doing it yet!"

Mrs. Anna Griffin of Kansas City, Mo., wrote: "I think Eve was a red-headed woman, because red-heads are cunning and have fascinating ways. A red light means danger and also a red-headed woman. So ever since Eve was placed in the garden the world has been in danger."

Robert H. Pitts, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., said: "By changing without reason from that which had been appointed as good, to the apple, about which she knew nothing, except that it was desirable, did Eve show her fickle nature. Scientifically proven, blondes are more given to fickleness, or changing without reason, than are brunettes."

Chuck Stoltz, of Ontario, Canada, wrote. "I think that Eve was a blonde because of the belief that gentlemen prefer blondes. As Adam was the first man and gave a rib out of which to make Eve, if he were a gentleman and had any say in the matter, he would naturally prefer a blonde."

Stanley Ailles of New Toronto, Ontario, Canada, said: "About Adam's wife Eve—I believe she was a brunette as they are usually supposed to have a stronger system than a blonde, as the people in the older days were supposed to be healthier and lived to over one hundred, as Adam is supposed to have. There are also more brunettes in the world than blondes."

Mrs. Mary Elliott, of Annville, Pa., wrote: "I think Eve was a brunette. It takes a fascinating, alluring woman to capture a man. And it takes a brunette to do it. All the pictures I ever saw of Eve, she had dark hair."

Mrs. H. J. Wood, of Iowa Falls, Iowa, burst into poetry this way:

"Blonde or brunette was Mother Eve?
Why blonde, of course, how could she be
Anything else and watch that tree
Of apples ripen in blazing sun
To feed that wretched Adam on?
So for us it's plain to see
She was a blonde—don't you agree?"

But even though the vote of the contestants was seven to three in favor of a blonde Eve, the committee, as already said, gave the prize to this letter from Mr. Almond, of Knoxville, and thus it was officially decided that Mother Eve was a brunette:

"As far as we know, the Garden of Eden was somewhere in Asia Minor or Palestine, and as people from that part of the globe are dark-haired, dark-eyed and olive-complexioned, Eve would be a brunette."

Anyway, the carnival had a brunette Mother Eve. She is 14-year-old (how old was Eve, by the way?) Mary Eleanor Brown, pictured on this page in her conception of an Eden afternoon frock. And it had a brunette Carnival Queen, too—Molly Darnell. Moreover, of the several hundred princesses and maids from other cities of Tennessee and adjoining States who served at the court of King and Queen Cotton, at least 90 per cent are dark-haired beauties.

So if there are any conclusions to be drawn from all this, they may be summed up in this way:

Southern gentlemen prefer brunettes, and think Eve was one. The rest of America thinks she was blonde.

Eve's name occurs in the Bible only five times, and in the passages referring to her there is nothing to give any indication of her physical characteristics except the name itself. This name, given to her by Adam when he first saw her, has been interpreted to mean "mother of all living."

Many Mohammedans, the beginnings of whose religion are derived from the same source as the Hebrew faith, reason that since Eve was the mother of the entire human race, she must have been of unusual size. Some of their legends say she was 118 feet tall. Others place her height at 500 feet.

A few years ago a fanatical tribe of Arabs, called the Wahabis and led by Ibn Saud, caused great excitement in the Mohammedan world by destroying an ancient shrine that had long been known as "The Tomb of Mother Eve."

The tomb was situated one mile north of the Medina Gate of Djeddah, the seaport which gives access to both Mecca and Medina. It was a strange structure, 100 feet long and only ten feet wide. Sir Richard Burton, a great scholar, said that a strange black stone which was in this tomb had been revered from immemorial antiquity—long before Mohammed came to earth.

Tabari, Masudi and Al-Athir, early historians who wrote on Biblical subjects, say that when God wished to form Adam He sent an angel after earth, and the angel brought back three kinds of dirt—white, black and red. Adam's descendants, therefore, peopled the earth with white, black and red races.

If this be true, it is reasonable to suppose that Eve, being created from Adam's rib, possessed also the essential characteristics of the three main divisions of mankind. Thus she may not have been either a distinctive blonde or brunette. She might have had blue eyes and black hair, or tawny, reddish hair and dark eyes. On the other hand, it might be argued that since she was created from a rib, which, being bone, was white, she was probably wholly blonde, with golden hair, fair skin and blue eyes. Her behavior in the Garden of Eden seems to indicate that she was a siren by nature, and all through history sirens have been blondes.

While there is nothing to positively determine the coloring of Eve's complexion, Bible scholars have given some attention to the question of just what fruit it was the serpent made use of to tempt Mother Eve. The Yale University Expedition to the eastern Euphrates announced the discovery of a Christian chapel dating back to 232, on the wall of which was a painting of Adam and Eve standing by a tree on which were two pomegranates. This would indicate that so early as the third Christian century the tradition existed that it was a pomegranate which Eve gave Adam, not an apple, as is the commonly received idea.

The apple is not an ancient Oriental fruit, but the pomegranate is, and it is also the accepted symbol of fertility among all Orientals.

But how then did the idea arise that Eve gave an apple to Adam? The Latin for pomegranate is pomum granatum, a seedy fruit, and it is easy to see how the tradition of the pomum granatum may have given rise to the idea that it was pomum, an apple, which Eve had handed to her spouse. Some Hebrew commentators have suggested various fruits, such as the ethrog, as the Edenic fruit, but there is no reason for this suggestion, as there is for the pomegranate, with its numerous seeds, all typifying fruitfulness.

Murder Charge Instead Of A Honeymoon

DAVID MASKILL BLAKE, a steel worker, of Leeds, England, was committed for trial recently on a charge of murdering a waitress the night before he was married to another young woman—and at the preliminary hearing, his bride of a month sat in court and listened to testimony that may send him to the gallows.

Emily Yoemans, the waitress, left her home on a Tuesday night at 7:50. Her uncle and three boys saw her meet a man on a corner not far away, and walk with him toward the outskirts of the town, but they were unable to identify the man. The next morning her body was found a short distance from the town, in Middleton Woods. She was lying a few yards from a footpath, with one arm outstretched, and she had been strangled to death with her scarf, which was wound four times around her neck.

Bruises in the palms of her hands indicated that she had attempted to defend herself, by shoving with all of her might at the man who was attacking her, and by trying to beat him back with her open hands. A short human hair, different from her hair, and a strand of blue woolen material were found on her coat. Her uncle gave the time she had eaten dinner, and from this and the state of digestion revealed at the autopsy, a doctor placed the hour of her death a short while before 9 o'clock at night.

Albert Schofield, a boilermaker, said that on the afternoon of the Tuesday that Emily Yoemans was murdered he met Blake in a workmen's club. Schofield said that he and Blake left the club about 7:25, and that after they had been strolling around town for awhile, Blake said he had to meet a girl, and left him about 7:50. Schofield said he watched Blake walk on down the street alone, and meet a girl—but that he did not see the girl's face and would not be able to identify her.

The next morning Schofield went with Blake to the registry office, where Blake was married. Schofield testified that as they were going up the steps to the marriage bureau, where Jean—who is now Blake's wife—was waiting for them, Blake said:

"You remember last night I told you I had to meet a girl called Yoemans? Well, look at that!"

Then, according to Schofield, Blake took a newspaper from his pocket and pointed to a headline telling of the discovery of Emily's body in Middleton Woods.

"He said Emily wanted him to take her to a moving picture show," Schofield testified, "but that he made an excuse and left her, because he had to meet Jean at 9 o'clock."

According to Schofield, nothing more was said about the murdered girl, and Blake went on into the registry office and married Jean.

On several occasions people had seen Blake and Emily together, and when the police heard of this, they arrested Blake as a suspect. The inspector who questioned him testified that he made the following statement:

"The first time I ever saw Emily Yoemans was about two o'clock one morning when she was coming from a dance. We stood around on the corner talking for some time. After that I met her several times and had drinks with her—I mean she had drinks with me. One night we were messing around for about an hour and a quarter, when a policeman came down the road, and we packed up and said good-night.

The Next Morning Emily's Body Was Found in Middle Woods, a Short Distance From the Town. She Had Been Strangled With Her Own Scarf, Wrapped Four Times Around Her Throat.

"I am not the man who met her on Tuesday night, the night of the murder. That is the truth, Inspector. Me and Schofield left the club that night about a quarter to or five minutes to eight. I had Jean to meet that night.

"We came up in a street car. I went home about a quarter past eight. I had to be up the road at 8:30. I promised to meet Jean at nine o'clock at the Beeston streetcar stop. I missed her. I waited about 20 minutes. Then I set off to walk home. While I was walking home she passed me in a street car. I followed her. It was about 9:30. I took her home."

The inspector added that when Blake was charged with the murder he replied: "Never, Inspector."

Frederick Gerald Tryhorn, professor of chemistry at University College, Hull, testified that "a short, bristly hair, about two inches in length," which the police said had been found on Emily's coat, came within the variations of Blake's hair and could have come from him. He said also that a strand of blue woolen material, which the police said had been found on Emily's coat, corresponded with the threads in a pair of blue trousers—said by witnesses to be the ones that Blake wore on the night of the murder. In these trousers was a tear such as might have been made by a barbed wire—and to strengthen the case, it was pointed out that there was a barbed wire fence in Middleton Woods, near the spot where Emily's body was found.

There were bloodstains on the trousers, and Dr. Roche Lynch, senior analyst to the Home Office, testified that these stains were of human blood.

The prosecution maintained that the bloodstains had been left upon the trousers from injuries the girl received during the attack, but the defense contended that Blake might have stained the trousers with his own blood when he grazed his knuckles against a hedge while riding in a motorcycle sidecar.

Arthur Jubb, a street singer, testified that Blake called on him two nights after Emily was murdered, and that while they were discussing the crime, Blake said:

"He is a clever chap who has done it and can get away with it."

Jubb testified that as Blake was removing his overcoat something rattled in one of the pockets, and that when Blake's attention was called to this, he took out a box of face powder and put it on the mantle, leaving it there. This box of face powder was identified by three girls who were employed at the same cafe where Emily had worked as belonging to her.

Man's Ascendancy Over Animal World Traced To The Human Hand

IN A RECENT lecture Colonel R. H. Kelley, director of the Department of Experiment, Infantry School, at Fort Benning, Georgia, made known some very interesting facts in regard to the relation of the human hand to the evolution of weapons. In the course of his remarks he revealed some highly informative facts and pointed out why the human hand has made possible the progress of mankind and accounts for the intelligence and progress of the human animal, while all other creatures, even including the apes, have made no such evolutionary progress. Among other interesting things, Colonel Kelley said:

Weapons used for hunting and combat represent evolution dating back to the beginnings of mankind. Mechanical devices have always been essential to aid the human being in procuring food and protecting himself against attacks of predatory animals equipped by Nature with powerful means of offense and defense. From earliest times men have been weapon and tool-using creatures—characteristics forced upon them by the struggle for existence.

By nature man is poorly equipped for survival in a predatory world. He lacks protection afforded by the thick hide of the elephant, the armor of the crocodile, the shell of the turtle. His teeth are of little use in fighting. Compared to the tearing claws of the cat family his fingernails are ineffective, soft and easily torn. Clenched tightly, the hand represents a moderately powerful weapon—the fist. For combat the human creature is severely handicapped.

But man is endowed with one wonderful advantage which is ample compensation for all his physical deficiencies — the human hand. No other creature can touch the end of his thumb to the tip of each finger—a gift not shared by the monkey, ape or baboon. These animals have in effect five fingers which enable them to grasp with limited assurance moderate sized branches of trees and objects neither minute nor very large. An elephant can pick up small articles with the tip of his proboscis but this dexterity is not comparable to work that can be performed by the human hand.

The First True Weapons Were Probably Sharp Stones, Used Like Daggers in Combat With Powerful Beasts. Then Came Lever Weapons Like the Pike and Spear. All Depended on the Facility of Human Hands.

The remarkable flexibility of the thumb and four fingers permits men to perform manual tasks requiring precision and complete control. Mental stimulation resulting from ability to use the hand for a multitude of purposes may be responsible in part for progressive development of the human brain. Otherwise handicapped, man has been forced to invent tools and weapons essential to his survival. He continues to progress while all other creatures change little in habits or mentality through successive generations.

Possessing the hand, man is the only creature that can strike at a distance. This statement ignores the prehensile tongue of the toad, power of one snake to eject venom and the wide radius of effectiveness common to the skunk family. The strictly animal world is limited in its power of offense and defense to physical contact. Man, however, can protect himself and inflict damage from distances that render creatures without the hand helpless.

Visualizing primitive stages in human development we can picture some early representative of the race discovering that blows with his fists were more effective when stabbing with a sharp rock or splintered bone. This provided man with a fairly efficient substitute for claws. From such pointed articles originated the entire dagger or knife family, weapons known throughout history. Some primitive genius found that he could extend his reach by utilizing a heavy stick. Sharp projections on this weapon led by gradual stages to the sword—in effect a cutting club. Pointing this instrument produced the thrusting sabre. The dagger and sword, both cutting and thrusting, appeared very early in human history and have not changed materially to this day. Another weapon of great antiquity developed from a thrusting stick. This became the pike and exists today as the bayonet and lance, both effective in cavalry engagements. Close physical contact being essential, these means of offense and defense are classed as shock weapons.

Ability of the hand to grasp and quickly release objects led to the discovery in some forgotten period that articles could be thrown. This gave man power to inflict injury at distances beyond reach of the dagger, sword, pike or lance.

The first true missile weapons were probably stones. The pike was modified, becoming a spear. Other primitive missile devices developed independently in various parts of the world included the arrow, dart, sling and blow-gun. With developments in mechanics more powerful weapons appeared such as the crossbow and catapults utilized for throwing heavy stones during siege operations. Missile projecting developed as human genius progressed attaining the considerable efficiency represented by the engines of war used by ancient armies. Designers of these military instruments were known as engineers, a profession later producing "civil" engineers.

Range and effectiveness of missile weapons were measured in hundreds of feet prior to the appearance of gunpowder in the 15th Century A. D. Without firearms, hunting wild animals equipped by Nature for attack and defense involved great personal hazard. Armies were forced to approach within shouting distance of each other before a combat was possible. Physical contact was essential to employment of shock weapons. Before appearance of explosives battlefield casualties often included a great proportion of troops engaged. At Cannes over 70,000 Roman soldiers were killed, less than 20,000 escaped. There were few if any wounded. Modern missile weapons forced combat units to abandon combat tactical formations. An interesting paradox follows—as instruments of warfare increased in range and power, the percentage of casualties was reduced.

Development of explosives gradually increased the range of missile weapons from a few hundred feet to distances measured in miles. Mortars throwing stones weighing hundreds of pounds were used in the capture of Constantinople in 1453—weapons suggesting gigantic coffee cups. From this crude beginning firearms decreased in calibre and increased in range. The pistol, musket and artillery of several sizes were used by Napoleon. Mechanical improvements such as interchangeable parts, an American innovation, were first used in manufacture of small arms and later adopted by the industrial world producing adding machines, typewriters, watches and automobiles. The machine gun and modern artillery include latest advances in missile weapons.

All armies are now equipped with firearms of accuracy and great range. In consequence battle formations of today are characterized by dispersion in depth and utilization of cover. The percentage of men killed with reference to the total number engaged is much smaller than when men always fought at close quarters. Military weapons, however, are still designated as shock and missile. The former have changed little in the last five thousand years. Missile weapons change constantly utilizing every development made possible by modern science.

Without the human hand, however, which permits use of an infinite number of tools, fine adjustments and operation of devices of precision including weapons it is possible that mankind would still be a race of animals with brain power classed with efficiency represented by the hoof, claw and talon.

Weird Death Of Diver As He Signalled Son

THEODORE L. HEBERT, of New Orleans, was a veteran deep-sea diver, and he once said that he got a thrill every time he went below the surface. But he never let himself be disturbed over the risk involved, for he felt that worry only increased the danger.

"If a fellow gets scared while he's under water," Hebert said, "he will never get out."

The other day Hebert was asked to go down from one of the docks in New Orleans, into thirty feet of water, to bring up some baffle-plates, which needed repairing. It was a simple job—in comparison to some of the things he had done. On reaching the bottom, he would have to trudge through the slime to a hole that opened into a submarine tunnel under a canal lock. Then, after climbing through the hole, he would have to make his way along the tunnel for fifty feet or so, until he came to the baffle-plates, which were heavy iron gratings that had been set up to hold back sediment and rubbish.

Hebert's son, Theodore Junior—who is also a diver—helped his father get into the diving suit, which is made of two thicknesses of heavy canvas with a layer of sheet rubber cemented between them. Young Hebert strapped on his father's lead-soled shoes and laced up the leg flaps. Then he fastened on the belt harness, with its girdle of weights, and adjusted the metal breastplate over the thick rubber collar.

This brought him to the last and most important step in the preparations—that of putting on the helmet. No matter how experienced a diver may be, there is always a tense moment when the helmet is placed over his head—for after he is in the water, his life depends upon the helmet being securely fastened to the breastplate.

So when young Hebert raised the ponderous spherical headpiece, he and his father exchanged a swift, understanding glance—as usual. The father smiled.

"O.K.," he said. "Let's get going."

He took a final drag on his cigarette and tossed it into the water. Young Hebert settled the helmet on the breastplate gasket, which circled the father's neck. With a deft motion the son engaged the threads and gave the helmet a quarter turn, making the rig water-tight. Then he clamped the helmet to the breastplate with a lock-nut in the back. The life line was fastened to the harness belt, and the father went over the side. The air pump was in operation, and for a moment the diver remained near the surface—the top of the helmet awash—while he tested the air valves and made sure there was no leak in the suit. Then he gave a tug on the life line as a signal that everything was all right, and was lowered into thirty feet of water.

The life line had marks on it at intervals, and from these young Hebert could keep track of how much line was being let out, and follow his father's progress along the bottom. Thus, when the line slacked up, he knew that his father must be climbing through the hole into the tunnel, and when he felt a tug for more line, he knew his father must be ready to start down the tunnel.

Young Hebert played out fifty feet more of line, which meant that the father had traveled that distance down the tunnel. Then the line quit running out, and the son took in the slack. But a moment later he felt a tug, which was a call for more line.

In a short while the pull on the line eased off, and the son took in slack again, and waited. Evidently the father had reached the baffle-plates and set to work dislodging them.

Young Hebert had an eye on his watch, for a diver must not remain under water too long, on account of the pressure—and after some time he began to get uneasy. His father must be having trouble getting the baffle-plates loose. Ten minutes—fifteen minutes—without a signal. Maybe something had gone wrong.

When the Father Was Pulled Out of the Water, the Helmet Was Off. His Face Was Black. A Life-Saving Squad Tried in Vain to Revive Him. He Had Died Mysteriously Down Under the Surface.

But that was unlikely. This was a simple job, and not much chance for a mishap. The air pump was working perfectly. So young Hebert told himself he must not get alarmed. His father had been diving for thirty years, and had been down on at least a thousand jobs. The elder Hebert had helped to raise a number of sunken vessels and had recovered many bodies. He knew the bottom of this section of the Mississippi River almost as well as the average man knows the streets of his home town.

Even so, as time passed without a signal from the man under the water, young Hebert became more uneasy. He gave three tugs on the life line, which mean: "Is everything all right?" To his surprise, he received a signal that his father was coming up. Now what did that mean? Was he through with the job, or in difficulty? The son started taking in line, and had just figured out that the father must have reached the hole in the tunnel when he received a sharp jerk, which meant: "Stop taking in the line!"

Young Herbert stared down at the water, where the life line and the air hose disappeared beneath the oily surface. In a panic, he tried to visualize what was going on down there, under thirty feet of water. Something was wrong—that was certain. But he had received the signal to stop taking in line, and if he disregarded it he might make matters worse.

After waiting a few seconds, and receiving no signal, the young man tugged three times on the line. Those three tugs should have brought an immediate answer—but they did not. The son gave three more tugs—but still no answer. That could mean only one thing. The father was unable to answer the danger signal—so he must be unconscious.

Young Hebert started hauling in the life line as fast as he could, trying his best to save the father's life—but the silent tragedy that had been enacted on the river bottom was already over. When the father was pulled out of the water, his helmet was off and his face was black. For three hours a life-saving squad tried to revive him, but it was useless.

No one knows, or will ever know, exactly what happened in the tunnel under the canal lock. The lock-nut, which is supposed to be accident-proof, came unfastened and the helmet came off. That is all anybody knows.

Musical Wells, Crooning Stoves And Tubs, Jolt Canadians

MUSICAL wells, talking stoves, singing taps and crooning bathtubs are giving sober Canadians the jitters and causing those who are not so sober to look twice into the bottle before taking another drink.

The trouble started in Ontario when the tiny town of Aylmen reported that one of its citizens possessed a stove that had peculiar conversational abilities. Every time the owner opened the door to pop in a pie or cake the stove would proceed to discuss the stock reports, the weather or the day's news. The startled housewife, Mrs. William Cunningham, after two experiences with the talkative oven, finally notified the police.

Two weeks after the report of this event a farmer in the Redwater district of Alberta, just outside the city of Edmonton, hurried to the provincial capital to inform the authorities that his well was bewitched. In the morning, he said, he had gone as was his usual custom to draw some water. No sooner had he lifted the cover of the well, however, than from the bottom of the pit there rose the sound of crooning and lively music, as if played by a ten or twelve piece orchestra. Ben Robert, war veteran, farmer and owner of the well, was quite convinced that no orchestra could possibly be playing in the bottom of his well, but he hurriedly clamped down the lid and drove off to the city to report his amazing discovery. Since then the provincial police, the city police, Ben Robert himself and all his neighbors have investigated the well but with no results. The music continues every time the lid is lifted and nothing Ben Robert can do can stop it.

The report of Robert's musical well immediately brought forth tales of other Canadian radio freaks. In a Toronto florist's shop the tap in addition to gushing forth water when turned on sends forth a torch song, piano solo or commercial advertisement. The florist, however, far from being dissatisfied and rushing off to notify authorities, is quite content to receive his musical entertainment without the necessity of purchasing a radio set and is only bothered about the problem of program selection.

In Montreal, a housewife broke into print to tell of her crooning bathtub, which, when comfortably filled with water brings the latest in entertainment to the occupant of the bath. The music, however, only comes when the water is at a certain level in the bath which makes the problem of reception more complicated since as soon as the person bathing enters the tub, the level of the water rises and the program ceases. The solution of her case seems to be to enter the bath first and then let the water flow until the desired level is reached, after which one can bathe to the musical accompaniment.

Even more common than these reports of radio reception by ordinary, every-day articles, of course, are the stories of telephones that pick up radio broadcasts and radio sets that pick up telephone conversations. These antics, studied by telephone engineers, have now been almost completely eliminated.

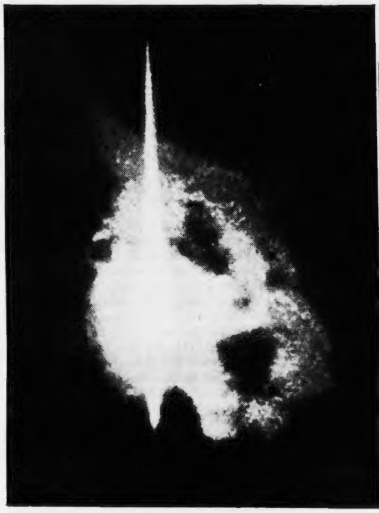
The musical well and talking stove, however, have both baffled radio engineers, college scientists and amateurs. D. D. Geiger, transmission engineer of Toronto, after investigating both reports admitted that he was completely baffled. The oven, he thought, might only be acting as a "resonator" for a radio set in the house; but this theory was shattered when the stove continued to talk when all the radios in the neighborhood and in the house itself were silenced. The musical well, he thought, might be the result of Robert having grounded his radio to a nearby stream. Robert himself smashed this theory when he said he didn't have a radio and his neighbor's set is not grounded anywhere near Robert's property.

Investigation of the singing tap in the florist's shop has been prohibited by the owner who is quite content to let matters rest as they are and has no desire to have anyone shut off his free radio enjoyment. And no one has dared suggest that they investigate the Montreal woman's crooning bath.

Bombarded by Meteoric Showers Night and Day

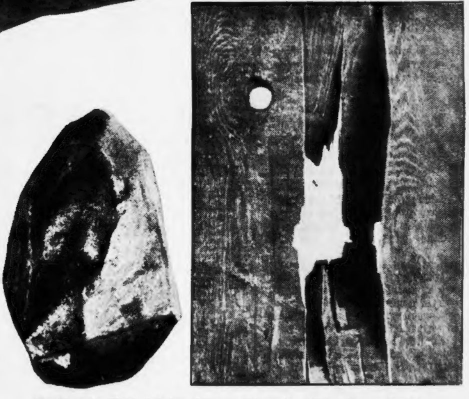
In Broad Daylight or After the Theatre in the Evening, the Continuous Rain of Star Dust Falls in City and Country and in the Ocean, But Nobody Sees or Notices It.

50,000 Tons of Star Dust Fall on the Earth Every Day Which We Never See or Notice but Now and Then a Larger Celestial Projectile Arrives

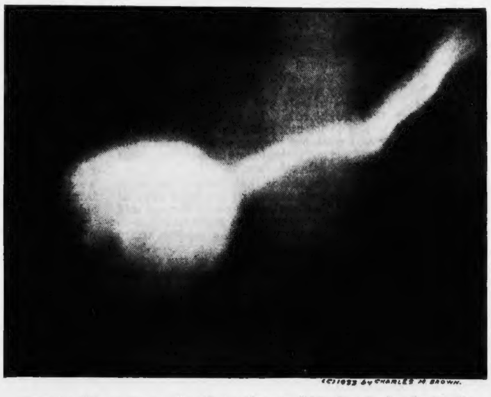


Remarkable Photograph of a Shooting Star Which Exploded While the Camera Was Looking at It With the Formation of a Luminous Cloud. The Photograph Was Taken by Professor Sykora in Czecho-Slovakia.

Fragment of the Meteorite Which Caused the Sensation in New Mexico. This Bit Is Part of the Two Pounds Which Were Found.



The Meteorite Which Fell Near Kilbourn, Wisconsin. With a Long Rumbling Noise and a Cannon-like Report. This Celestial Projectile Crashed Through the Roof of a Barn and Penetrated the Thick Hemlock Flooring of the Hayloft and Embedded Itself in the Hard Clay Floor. It Remained Warm for Several Hours. The Meteorite Weighed Nearly Two Pounds.



(C) 1933 by CHARLES M. BROWN.

Interesting Photograph of a New Mexico Meteorite Taken by a Cowboy Outside His Ranch House at Five O'clock in the Morning. This Photograph Has Been Turned on Its Side to Show How the Meteorite Would Look Passing the Camera Instead of Coming Toward It. Copyright by Charles M. Brown, Who Took the Photograph.

THE Bible says that the rain from heaven falls alike on the just and unjust—but most people know when rain is falling on them. There is another kind of rain, however, which is falling all the time all over the earth, in the cities, along the countryside and over the oceans that nobody sees or feels. This is a continuous downpour of meteoric dust, perhaps from stars which have exploded millions of miles away. Most of this star dust is so small it is not seen, or felt, but now and then a larger fragment comes through the atmosphere and strikes the earth.

It is estimated that millions of millions of these meteoric fragments reach the earth every day. Perhaps 20,000,000 of them are large enough so that they form shooting stars or meteors. Some of them, traveling at speeds of 40 miles a second or more, are set alight by the friction with the earth's atmosphere and are burned into gases or explode leaving a cloud of meteoric dust. These powdered remains of the celestial visitors are carried about by the winds in all directions. One which weighed about two pounds went through the roof of a barn, penetrated the thick boards of a hayloft and buried itself in the clay floor of the barn. Scientists call a brilliant celestial traveler a meteor as it shoots through the sky, but if it hits the earth the lump of stone or metal is called a meteorite.

Astronomers, physicists and geologists are finding in this meteor dust phenomenon an interesting field for study and speculation. It is the belief of Mr. H. H. Nininger that 50,000 tons of this powdered ash of destroyed meteors fall upon the earth every day and presumably every city, town and village gets its share.

Mr. Nininger may be said to speak with the voice of meteor authority. He is secretary of the International Society for Research on Meteorites, Curator of Meteorites at the Colorado Museum of Natural History, director of the Nininger Laboratory and owner of one of the largest collections of meteorites in the world.

While a meteor occasionally tears through our atmosphere and strikes the earth, thus becoming a meteorite, a dust cloud is left in its wake, like the dust which follows traffic on our highways, and settles afterwards.

It is estimated that a meteor observed on March 24, 1933, was trailed to earth by a dust cloud of its own creation which was from twenty to sixty miles high and possibly 1,000 cubic miles in volume. This immense cloud became dust rain. If it settled to earth in a circumscribed area the shower must have been a downpour. Had all of it fallen on any of the larger cities of the United States or Canada and it were possible for human eyes to see it, it might have appeared not unlike a heavy fall of fine brown or black snow.

Dr. Chester A. Reeds, Curator of Geology at the American Museum of Natural History, says that even some of the smaller comets have approximately the size of the earth, while what is known to astronomers as the great comet of 1811 exceeded the size of the sun and had a diameter of fully 1,000,000 miles, although such comets are composed of very thin gas and do not weigh more than a tiny fraction of solid bodies of the same size.

What the size of meteors may be before they approach the earth is most speculative, for the process of their destruction as they enter our atmosphere must wear them down to the vanishing point with the speed of a drop of water on a hot griddle.

Professor Reeds presents the views of a French scientist with respect to the process of destruction of a bolide which is another name for meteor. The French writer calculates that at a relative velocity of 19 miles a second a meteor compresses the air in front of its path from one-hundredth of an atmosphere on entering to fifty-six atmospheres at a height of twenty-three miles. He also determined that with increase in pressure there is an increase of heat and a rise of temperature on the outer surface of the meteor to points which cannot be reached in laboratory experiments.

Astronomers assume that a meteor shooting through space has a temperature far below zero. But almost the instant it penetrates the atmosphere of the earth the friction raises the temperature on the outside of the meteor to thousands of degrees above zero. Instantly the meteor glows with brilliancy and may either burn up or explode unless it manages to reach the surface of the earth before it is destroyed.

These shooting stars appear and disappear so quickly that very few of them have ever been photographed. But it happened to be the luck of Charlie Brown, a cowboy on the Lyons Ranch, near Clayton, New Mexico, to get an excellent photograph of a meteor with a tail of meteoric dust trailing on behind it. This photograph is reproduced on this page today as the camera caught the great fire-ball tearing through the sky just before dawn on the morning of March 24, 1933.

Cowboy Brown was at five o'clock breakfast in the ranch-house when the sky was suddenly lighted as by a noonday sun. His pocket camera, partly loaded with film, was at his elbow. He grabbed it, ran to the door, pointed it at the dazzling object and snapped the shutter. The great object finally vanished, daylight came and Charlie Brown went about his job on the ranch.

When the cowboy's snapshot was examined by the boys on the ranch, there was agreement among them that he probably had something which might interest scientists. The boys were right. He had secured a picture which is now in about every astronomical collection in the country. He had obtained what is believed to be the only photograph of a large meteor or fireball in flight.

The image on the plate was of a great glowing ball with a serpentine tail which faded into dull redness at its end. On the surface of the ball there were two bright spots, as of two central points of fire.

From the size of the image on the plate, the nature of the lens and the remote distance of the object, the diameter of the fireball was estimated at six miles.

Mr. Nininger, by rare good luck, happened to be at Clovis, N. M., on the eventful day. It was like having a Sherlock Holmes in the field of meteor investigation on hand. Mr. Nininger set out for the scene and was soon sitting at Charlie Brown's side gleefully studying what Charlie's little camera had contributed.

Charlie Brown's photograph, as it is interpreted by the meteor-wise, shows what happens to a meteor which tries to run the gauntlet of the earth, how its right-of-way is challenged by the resistance of the atmospheric forces and how explosions take place, which tear it apart and convert it into a great ball of fire-gas.

Some part of the New Mexico meteor completed its journey down to the earth, but not in the form or size that it started. What came through in the form of a meteorite was most fragmentary. Bits picked up and classified weighed together less than two pounds. So by far the greater part of this fire monster must have been reduced to powder in the course of its flight.

This meteor was seen by observers here and there for about 300 miles. Mr. Nininger later collected reports which showed that there probably were several explosions during the course of its visit through the earth's atmosphere. After the last explosion two or more fire-balls were observed. Mr. Nininger said:

"From all the evidence, I am led to believe that subsequent to the bursting, we had at least a double, and perhaps still later, a multiple meteor."

One of the most gigantic meteors that ever came to a full stop on this planet was the one which came to earth from an outside source and gave it one of the hardest bumps it has ever felt. This meteor found its destination in Arizona in the region known as Canyon Diablo. It came hurtling through space no one knows when, perhaps thousands of years ago. Striking earth at a 45-degree angle, a sizzling molten mass, it bored its way into the rock for a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile; ripping up, splitting and distorting the adjacent territory quite as if a major convulsion of the earth had occurred. It tore out a hole three-quarters of a mile across; it left a cup fully 600 feet deep in its center with edges 160 feet high. Four strata of rock were pierced in its plunge. How far down what is left of the head of the meteorite visitor is, no one may say.

Professor C. C. Wylie of Iowa University says it would probably require 200,000 tons of nitro-glycerine set off in one charge to create a similar crater.

Geologists have found that this meteor actually burned the life out of the sandstone through which it bored its way, fusing it into a form of silica glass, in something of the way that metal is fused in a laboratory furnace.

In the study of meteor phenomena it has been shown by Cowboy Charlie Brown's unexpected success that even an amateur may be fortunate enough to make a record-breaking snapshot.

Dr. Charles P. Olivier, president of the American Meteor Society, Flower Observatory, Upper Darby, Pa., says that any persistent person who is willing to sit up at night and who has a camera with a large lens and a focal ratio of 1:3 or 1:5 may surprise himself by finding on his plate a record of real value. Some meteor which is not destined to go up in consuming flames and be converted into dust and thus to take its place in the ever-continuing shower which falls upon earth, may come tearing along just in time to leave a picture on a plate. Any amateur may be lucky enough to capture it. The exposure should be a large one, even lasting all night so long as it is dark and there is no danger of fogging the plate. The time of the appearance of the celestial visitor should be recorded. It is possible for someone to join Cowboy Brown as a distinguished amateur aid to science.

Both Mr. Nininger and Dr. Olivier welcome aid from amateurs who may find enough interest in the work to become meteor photographers. Any strange-looking stony specimen which looks as if it didn't belong to the countryside may prove to be a fragment of a meteorite.

The surface of the earth is probably liberally peppered with meteorites, both of the iron and stone varieties, just as it is showered with meteor dust. Nearly 1,000 falls of meteorites of size are known, of which 569 are represented in the American Museum of Natural History.

While there is no fixed price card for meteorites, small ones are usually worth from five to ten dollars a pound. If a meteorite has fallen recently it generally has a surface glazed with fusion crust which, in most cases, is black.

Murdered His

A Scene at One of the Burning Ghats at Benares, Like That Where the Body of the Murdered Boy Was Reduced to Ashes, Thus Destroying, the Conspirators Hoped, All Evidence of Their Crime.

Balika, Dancing Girl, One of the Women Friends of Benoyendra, on Whom He Planned to Spend His Murder Profits.

Like Some Tale of Fiction This Scientific Crime, With the Bacilli Dreadful "Black Death" as Weapons, Ghats and the Drop of Blood That

Calcutta.

AS Benoyendra Pandy watched the body of his half-brother, Amarendra, being burned to ashes at the crematory ghat, he was certain that the evidence of his and his co-murderer's crime had gone up in smoke.

All the scientists in the world could not prove a thing from those gray ashes. It had been a scientific crime of the highest ingenuity and now the perpetrators had no doubt that it was also a "perfect crime."

But not quite all of the unfortunate young Amarendra Pandy's body had gone to the funeral ghat. Just one drop of his blood was missing, not much, but it was in a laboratory where it soon cried out for vengeance, not from the ground as the blood of murdered people is supposed to, but from the culture tube in the terrible voice of science, and of circumstantial evidence often more convincing than the testimony of an eye-witness.

The judge, in imposing the death sentence on the murderers the other day called it the most diabolical crime in the legal history of India.

The crime would have been "perfect" except for one thing. There are certain scientists in India. The doctors, both native and English, are trained in medical science and a doctor, diagnosing a strange infection, is nothing more nor less than a medical detective.

Dr. Taranath Battachaya, in planning the murder with his friend Benoyendra Pandy, no doubt realized that possibility, but since Benoyendra was the head of the family and the victim was his younger stepbrother, no difficulty was foreseen in having the murderous physician attend the dying man, hurry him into his last moments, misconstrue the symptoms and issue the death certificate.

That was the way it was supposed to have gone and, with a few hitches, the way it seemed to have gone.

The start of Benoyendra's march to the gallows was similar to millions of others through the ages and in all countries. He was the spoiled son of a wealthy man, Kumar Protaprendra of Pakur, near Calcutta, head of an ancient Brahman family known as Pakur Raj. The indulgent father supplied him with plenty of money to lead a dissipated life from boyhood.

Undisciplined and unpunished, he was about due for more serious offenses when the father obligingly died, leaving a little more than half his fortune of about $150,000 to Benoyendra who was usually known as Benoy. This precocious youth, though only nineteen, was already married and tired of his wife. Almost all the remainder of the estate went to his young stepbrother Amarendra, who was sixteen.

Benoy was considered in India to be old enough to have charge of the estate, since he was also head of the family since his father's death, and gleefully he started a career of spending. He was in possession of the ancestral estate at Pakur but used it only as a place to park his wife. He himself moved into expensive bachelor quarters in a large Calcutta hotel where he soon brought Balika, a sweetheart who danced for a very small salary at the Natya Mandir Theatre. But as a sweetheart, of course, she had to have big money in consideration of giving up her career. There was another sweetheart, Chanchala, somewhat less costly, but she did not live on love entirely either.

Amarendra, Who Was First Poisoned With the Germs of Lockjaw and Then Successfully With Those of the Bubonic Plague.

Spendthrifts in India are no different from their tribe the world over. Benoy, though generous to a fault with sweethearts and his dissolute male companions, was correspondingly frugal with his wife and relatives. It was quite all right as far as the wife was concerned because Indian wives are supposed to take anything they can get and be thankful. But the will specified that certain rather liberal payments should be made regularly for the education of the stepbrother. When Benoy economized by whittling these payments down and getting behind even at that, there were mutterings of revolt in the family.

From 1931 until last Summer Benoy managed to stave off the protests from the family, led by a maiden aunt who by some rare piece of luck, somehow escaped the wretched fate of an Indian marriage and had property of her own. The father's estate brought in some $12,000 a year in rentals from real estate and Benoy besides this had run through $10,000 cash in the banks and about $60,000 in securities. Just as the young man was wondering how to sell the real estate and blow that too, came the bad news that the stepbrother was demanding an accounting.

Benoy ran to a lawyer who assured him that he would be able to postpone the evil day on one pretext and another for a considerable time but that some time the showdown must surely come.

The only ray of hope the lawyer could see was the possibility that the gods in their wisdom might remove Amarendra from this life to Nirvana before the accounting.

In his difficulty, Benoy turned from the legal to the medical profession.

It happened that among the spendthrift's boon companions was Dr. Taranath Battachaya, Bachelor of Medicine of Calcutta University, bacteriologist of the Medical Supply Company Ltd. of Calcutta and a man who had shown great promise of making a name for himself in scientific work. This promise he had not fulfilled because he put in so much time and energy whooping things up with Benoy and his irresponsible friends.

Since Benoy was the chief spender and lender in the crowd, they viewed his threatening situation with alarm and were sympathetic toward his ambition to see his stepbrother's body going up in smoke. Amarendra appeared to them in the class of creditors; and spendthrifts don't care what happens to creditors. Their suggestions ran from having a thug strangle him to poison or pushing the boy in front of a railroad train. Any of these clumsy ideas would doubtless have resulted in a quite ordinary murder.

It was Dr. Battachaya who whispered in the youth's ear the big idea for the "perfect crime." Let the bothersome boy die of natural causes, then nobody could be suspicious. The only thing needful was to supply the "natural causes."

For instance disease is a natural cause. Unfortunately a healthy boy like Amarendra might recover from most of them, but there were others, such as the bubonic plague from which he probably would not. Dr. Battachaya could almost guarantee that a good needleful of extra-virulent bacillus pestis microbes shot in the arm and the troublesome young person in a few days would be safely in the next world, preparing for reincarnation into a monkey or cow.

Right then this misguided scientist learned something that many a less intelligent man has also discovered to his sorrow. The bright idea for the "perfect crime" is only a small step toward its successful accomplishment. Fate as if it hates the cold-blooded murderer, slyly puts unexpected pitfalls in his way. The doctor knew a dozen laboratories where the bacilli were being bred for experimental purposes. One after another he entered into correspondence with them, stating his qualifications, explaining that he had a theory which he wished to test by inoculating a series of rats and offering to pay any price they might ask. Though many of them were willing to let him bring his rats to the laboratory and work out his experiments there, nobody would permit a single one of their poisonous pets out of the laboratories.

The reason for this is that the world's worst epidemics have been caused by this little bug. It was the Black Death which ravaged Europe and Asia during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the cause of what the modern world knows as the bubonic plague.

With the proverbial patience of the Orient, Dr. Battachaya was placidly willing to keep right on trying until some day luck would be with him and he would get his germs. But meanwhile the lawyer warned that a date had been set for a preliminary hearing of the case. This news hurried the conspirators into what was later to prove a fatal change of plans.

Unable to obtain plague microbes the doctor decided that those of tetanus (lockjaw) would perhaps do the job as well and, since they do not cause an epidemic are not so closely guarded.

Anyhow, according to the presentation of the case by the prosecution, some were obtained. All that should be necessary was to break the skin of their proposed victim and impregnate that break with the lockjaw germs.

An old pair of eyeglasses was bought from a pawnshop or some other obscure source, of the type that pinch the nose. Where they fitted the nose a series of small but sharp points were made with a file, and then carefully painted with a broth of tetanus germs.

When this had dried, Benoy placed the glasses in a case, called on his stepbrother and invited him to go for a short walk in the streets of Deoghar, where they were attending the Pujas or festival of prayers.

As the pair strolled about the streets, the elder youth brought the conversation around to eyesight, and bringing out the glasses said he had just found them and that they seemed to improve his vision. He wondered if they would also fit Amarendra's eyes. The younger boy did not, was not much interested but made no objection to trying them until Benoy pressed them down on his nose so violently as to cause painful scratches that drew tiny drops of blood.

Right after this Benoy lost interest in the walk, accompanying his victim back to the house and departing. His aunt thought this a suspicious thing and had vague misgivings which seemed unjustified at first.

Amar, as the family called him, who up to then had enjoyed excellent health, next day felt unwell, his eyesight became affected, the other symptoms of tetanus followed—contortion of the face, jerks and lockjaw. His aunt, greatly alarmed, wired Benoy to bring the family doctor from Pakur. Instead Benoy arrived bringing with him Dr. Taranath Battachaya. His aunt remonstrated, but Benoy replied that he could not afford to bring the family doctor from Pakur and besides Dr. Taranath was quite well known in Calcutta. But neither the patient nor his other relatives liked Taranath and they relied on the treatment of a local doctor under whose care Amar improved and was actually convalescent when Benoy again arrived unannounced and uninvited with another doctor, who made an injection which resulted in a relapse.

Again Amar improved under the treatment of the local doctor and for the third time Benoy arrived, this time with two new doctors. They prescribed medicine, but the relatives had become rather suspicious of Benoy's attentions, so the medicines were not taken and Benoy's gift of fruit left untouched. Amar eventually developed a sinus trouble and went for treatment to a specialist in Calcutta and then for a stay at the seaside.

After the incident at Deoghar the relatives of Amar decided that he must not in future be allowed to go out by himself, and this precaution considerably increased the difficulties of Benoy and his fellow-conspirators in their subsequent designs on Amar. This attempt seems to have permanently injured the boy's health somewhat but it also injured the chances of a "perfect crime" by planting a suspicion in the aunt's mind that a murder had been attempted and might be again. The doctor before undertaking this crime should have known that a spendthrift is always something of a chump and, in murder plans, a fool is a fatal partner. No doubt the doctor did not know that the careless Benoy was trying to negotiate $20,000 life insurance on their victim, one of the surest ways for a murderer to invite suspicion and investigation.

Having failed with lockjaw germs the conspirators went back to the original bubonic plague plans. In some way they enlisted the help of a Dr. Shipvada and for this assistance he stood trial with the others as an accomplice but was acquitted. As a professor in the School of Tropical Medicine of Calcutta, he wrote a letter recommending Dr. Taranath Battachaya to the head of the Haffkine Institute of Bombay, affiliated with the Rockefeller Institute and proud possessor of large supplies of bubonic and numerous other dreadful germs. The letter explained that Taranath was a bacteriologist who

Brother With Plague Germs

The Plague Pit. An Old Drawing Showing the Burial of "Black Death" Victims in 17th Century England.

Real-Life Story of of Lockjaw and the the Burning Brought Vengeance

needed some of the plague bacilli to carry on tests of a plague cure on which he was working. Armed with this letter Benoy on April 28 went to Bombay and called on Dr. Naidu. Dr. Naidu said he could not help, but told Benoy to write to his doctor friend advising him to write officially to the Director of the Haffkine Institute and ask permission to work there. That was not what the conspirators wanted, so the young man returned to Calcutta.

Benoy made another journey to Bombay on July first and had with him as a sort of guide and adviser a man called Ratan. Together they saw Dr. Nagrajan of the Haffkine Institute, telling the same tale of a doctor friend and his cure for plague and offering a large sum of money for a supply to test the new remedy. His request was refused but he learned that a supply was kept at the Arthur Road Hospital run by the Corporation of Bombay. A further attempt was made to obtain cultures from another official of the Haffkine Institute, Dr. Sathe, but was equally unsuccessful. At the Arthur Road Hospital he met a Dr. Patel who agreed to see the doctor when he should arrive to carry on the experiment.

Benoy at once telegraphed to Taranath to come to Bombay and in the meantime some white rats were purchased to make the experiments look genuine. Taranath on his arrival put up at the same hotel as Benoy and together they went to the Corporation Hospital where Taranath was introduced to Dr. Mehta by Dr. Patel, who explained that Taranath would work on plague culture in the laboratory, and some fresh culture was applied for at Haffkine Institute. Dr. Mehta had also a small quantity at the Hospital and with these Taranath set to work making sub-cultures which had fatal effects on the rats two days after starting the experiments. Taranath hurriedly left without seeing Dr. Patel, and telling Dr. Mehta that he had suddenly been recalled on urgent business to Calcutta.

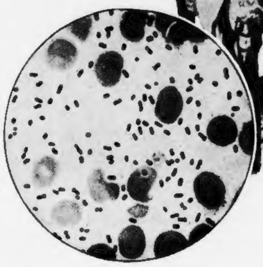
The Road Hospital never saw either of them again. At last the conspirators had what they wanted and their next experiment would be on a human "guinea pig."

Taranath was on record as having tried to beg plague germs from most everyone who had them from one end of India to the other but that was no cause for worry. All these men would read with deep professional interest that a man had died of a sporadic case of the plague in Calcutta.

That this same Taranath should turn up at the bedside would only arouse their respect and envy. It would be just what they would like to do. The only problem was to get the germs into the victim's system and now they had cause to regret that tetanus attempt. No longer could Benoy take his stepbrother for a walk, except under the watchful eye of his suspicious aunt.

But for that, the same trick could have been worked, Taranath called and, in place of an injection of anti-lockjaw serum he could have given the patient a needleful of plague germs without anyone knowing the difference.

All such plots had to be abandoned in favor of the old "poison-needle" plan, often used in fiction by "white slavers" to drug innocent maidens on the street but perhaps never before employed in real crime. To have it work someone must approach the victim in public, stick the needle into his flesh and discharge the contents of the syringe into him, a delicate and difficult job even for a nurse or doctor trained in the use of the hypodermic needle.



Microscopic Photograph of the Pest Germs With Which the Killing of Amarendra Was Effected.

The doctor's skilled hands were unavailable because he was known and disliked by the victim and his family. Nor, of course, could Benoy be trained for it, for similar reasons. The thing must be done by a stranger and for this role they certainly picked a strange kind of stranger.

The first time this character appeared on the job, according to testimony at the trial, was one evening when Benoy had learned that Amar was going to the Purna Theatre in time to lie in wait for him. The victim did drive up to the theatre in a car together with five women relatives and went in without anything happening.

The chauffeur of Amar's car rubbed his eyes in amazement a moment later at the spectacle of Benoy arriving in a taxi with a dark, almost black man, clothed in a coarse "chuddar"—a long shawl-like wrap three yards long and about a yard wide—which enveloped the whole body. These two waited about the front of the house. Meanwhile several acquaintances of Amar and Benoy came and went after speaking to Benoy. When the party came out of the theatre there was no opportunity for Benoy's agent to carry out any shot-in-the-arm scheme because the women surrounded the boy on his way to the car, like an Amazon bodyguard.

What astounded the chauffeur and others was the sight of Benoy, a high-caste Hindu, rubbing elbows with a person who had all the earmarks of being one of the "untouchables," something almost beyond belief. But there again, Taranath had unwisely trusted his careless partner in crime not to do this thing in such a conspicuous manner.

This queer-looking creature seems to have been too uncouth for a regular denizen of the Calcutta underworld. More likely he was some fugitive who had recently arrived in the big city from one of the wilder parts of India, perhaps fleeing from the consequences of some local crime. One wonders how many patient hours Taranath spent in teaching those clumsy hands to do their work but this, like all else that the bacteriologist attended to, was done well. It was only Benoy who bungled.

However, he did get accurate information of the victim's movements. Thus he knew all too well that Amar, his aunt and his sisters would take the noon train from Calcutta to Pakur on a certain day. When the servants arrived at the station with the baggage they were surprised to see Benoy apparently waiting to join the party. This was strange because the trip was to fight Benoy in court for that accounting, at last come to a showdown, and lately the two legal adversaries had hardly been on speaking terms.

Benoy was alone at the time, but half an hour earlier a merchant who had a branch of his business at Pakur and head offices in Calcutta saw him sitting at a table in the restaurant, at a table with the black man clothed in a coarse chuddar.

Benoyendra, the Murderer, and His Wife.

Amar and his party were equally surprised to see Benoy and one of the sisters noticed him signaling with his eyes to someone in the crowd. A moment later Amar, who was helping the ladies out of the car, cried out that someone had pricked him. He said he had turned around just in time to catch a glimpse of a black man wrapped in a shawl, disappearing in the crowd. At this moment Benoy came up and Amar said:

"Dada" (giving him the title of head of the family), "someone just pricked me here."

"That's nothing," answered the head of the family, carelessly rubbing the spot on the arm the boy indicated. The aunt, remembering the eyeglass incident, was not so sure and advised her nephew to go to a hospital, where, if symptoms developed, they would know what to do.

Benoy, as head of the family became masterful, insisting that this unpleasant legal business should not be delayed. He pushed Amar into a compartment of the train and shut the door.

In the meantime one or two of Amar's friends had seen the mark made by the prick, a small round hole with a yellowish substance round it, in the flesh of the upper right arm. Amar felt queer, and, himself suspecting poison, asked for a knife to slice off the affected part, but none could be found. Instead some tincture of iodine was applied externally.

Arrived at Pakur Amar felt better after a sleepless night with dizzy spells, decided to return to Calcutta where Dr. Nalina Sen Gupta examined him and finding nothing definite treated the boy for possible blood-poisoning. In the afternoon his temperature rose to 102 and he complained of pain in the armpit of the punctured arm. The doctor took a blood specimen and advised notifying the police. Here the aunt made her only mistake. She refused saying:

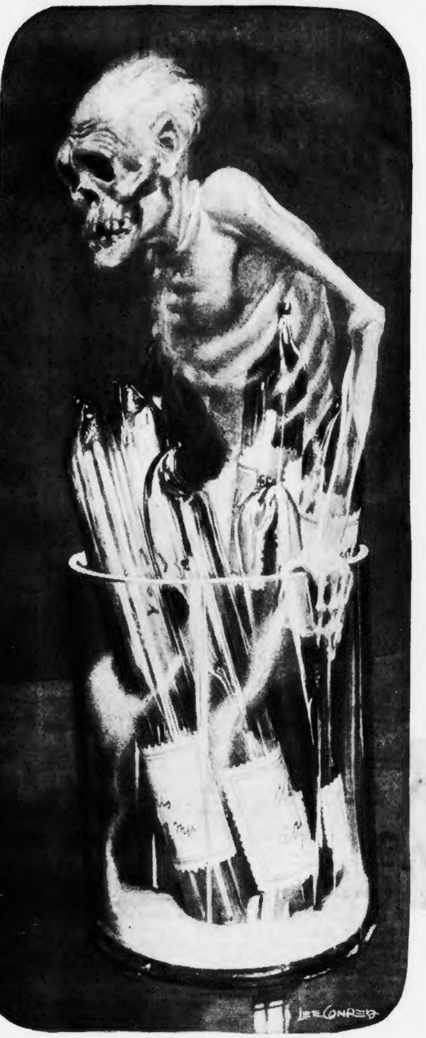
"Whom shall I accuse?"

The preliminary blood tests were negative but another drop was reserved for culture tests of which Benoy did not know. In some manner which was disputed at the trial Dr. Shipvada was called into the case and ridiculed the poison needle theory as an "American movie plot." He assured the family at first that the youth would recover, neglected to notify the police or to mention the suspicion of poison in the death certificate, as he should have, according to law. For these and other irregularities he was tried for the crime but acquitted.

The patient grew worse so rapidly that Shipvada left an assistant, Dr. Ghosh, by the bedside all night to ease the pain by frequent hypodermics of morphia. About dawn the boy died. Taranath's experiment was a success but it was no perfect crime because even the victim suspected. Just before the end, he whispered:

"If Dada had asked me I would have given him my share of the estate but now he is killing me for it."

Benoy now made another of his mistakes. Though living nearby, he failed to visit his dying relative and after death still kept away, though it was his duty as head of the family to take charge of the funeral arrangements. Finally, after sending many messengers, the aunt was obliged to have the steward of the household direct the servants in preparing the body for the funeral ghat. Dr. Ghosh declined to issue a death certificate, referring them to Dr. Shipvada who furnished one giving the cause as septic pneumonia.



The Test Tubes Containing Cultures of the Germs of Bubonic Plague, or "Black Death," From Which the Conspirators Secured Their Microscopic Deadly Weapons for Scientific Murder.

Just as the funeral procession reached its destination, Benoy dashed up in a taxi. He was chewing betel nut, looking quite cheerful and, most shocking of all, had his shoes on. But the really amazing thing was his companion, the mysterious black man in the rough chuddar.

It is a rule at the cremation ground that someone actually present at the death should present the certificate to the registrar of the ghat and give particulars, and that the registrar should examine the corpse before allowing the cremation to proceed. If there were any suspicious circumstances the police should be informed. Benoy knew all this and so to prevent any discovery he took the certificate to the office and answered the questions himself. He and the registrar then went from the office to the body where the official raised a corner of the covering for a perfunctory inspection and ordered the cremation to proceed.

Benoy was persuaded by his angry relatives to remove his shoes as he stood beside the ghat, thankfully watching the evidence ascend to the gods in smoke. But it seems that some of the good gods who dislike murderers were watching. So was a scowling dark man in a shawl from a distance because, being an "untouchable," he must not come too near the others. After the ceremony, he caught Benoy's eye and again to everyone's amazement the two were seen to go away together. Taranath had the good sense to keep away.

Ten days later the arm of the law awakened the conspirators from their dream of success and security. The blood culture had developed colonies of plague bacilli and the authorities, working quietly but swiftly, had solved the crime sufficiently to make arrests. It took the jury only four hours to convict Benoy and Taranath.

Foolish Fears That Torment You

Dr. Donald Laird, Well-Known Psychologist, Says That Only Two of the Silly Bugaboos That Haunt Man Are "Inherited"—The Rest Are "Learned" and Can Be Overcome by Any Normal Person

Are You Afflicted With Any of These Senseless Fears?

	Yes	No
1—Are you afraid of cellars? (Claustrophobia)	....	....
2—Are you afraid of being alone? (Monophobia)	....	....
3—Are you afraid of women, or some one woman? (Gynophobia)	....	....
4—Are you afraid of men, or of one man? (Anthropophobia)	....	....
5—Are you afraid of the dark? (Nyctophobia)	....	....
6—Are you afraid of crowds? (Ochlophobia)	....	....
7—Are you afraid you will commit a sin? (Peccatiphobia)	....	....
8—Are you afraid of being buried alive? (Taphephobia)	....	....
9—Are you afraid of thunder? (Astraphobia)	....	....
10—Are you afraid of animals? (Zoophobia)	....	....
11—Are you afraid of blood? (Hematophobia)	....	....
12—Are you afraid of high places? (Acrophobia)	....	....

NOTE—The well-balanced person should not have more than one or, at most, two of these unreasonable fears.

One of the Most Foolish Fears of Mankind Is That Which Comes With the Unexpected Package, Telegram or Letter That Everyone Is Afraid to Open.

"The Shore of Fright," Painted by Francis Wacik. But a Heap of Pirate Bones Can Do No One Any Harm and Is Nothing to Be Frightened Over.

If Your Conscience Is Clear, the Ringing of Your Doorbell in the Middle of the Night Should Inspire No Fear in the Normal Individual.

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D., Sci.D., F. R. S. A., Director Colgate University Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, New York

AT Port Jervis, N. Y., one July day some practical jokers set off a giant firecracker just behind **William A. J. Jones**. A year before Jones had been in an accident, and had not spoken a word since then. After the firecracker went off, instead of running in fear, he said "You damn fools, you." The fear gave him back his power of speech.

At Atlantic City one Fall day, fear worked more disastrously for four investment bankers who went for an airplane ride. One of the passengers of the seven-passenger cabin plane became frightened when he looked down from the heights and in his frenzy grabbed the controls of the plane, causing it to crash. We will be hearing more about fear in aviation shortly, and more about bankers right now.

Henry P. Davison, well-known New York banker and partner in the Morgan firm, long ago demonstrated how people can remain cool in a fearsome situation. When he was working in a small bank a stranger came to his window, pointed the muzzle of a huge gun at young Davison, and pushed across the counter a check for an enormous amount. The check was signed by God, and the obviously dangerous maniac wanted the money at once.

Davison did not become panicky. He may have trembled a bit, but he did not lose his self-control. He read the check aloud, and raised his voice when he read the signature, "God Almighty." This attracted the attention of the detective in the bank, who crept up behind the madman and knocked the loaded gun out of his hand.

Other people may become so frightened reading a detective story that they cannot sleep, while others are afraid that they will be afraid of something. What makes people this way? And what can they do about it?

Some form of fear is found in all men and women, as well as in all of the higher animals. It has a powerful influence on conduct and it may give a person abnormal strength or afflict him with a pitiable weakness. The subject of fear is one of great interest to scientists and many experiments and conclusions have been arrived at in regard to this powerful influence on the conduct of man and beast.

Mankind's sensible fears, which are racially ancient, are obviously one reason human beings have survived through the long centuries in which they have evolved. Pre-human forms thousands of centuries ago who were not frightened enough to betake themselves to a safe place when some wild animal roared were killed off promptly. It is sensible fears such as this one that make men and women dominant in the world today, instead of being killed off thousands of years ago.

Yet often this highly desirable trait of having caution in a dangerous spot, through senseless fear, becomes a terrifying and dangerous thing. A few of the more important of such unreasonable fears, or phobias, are listed elsewhere on this page in the questions for the reader to study.

Fear may be shown not as a complete mental panic, but as shyness, sensitiveness, or even by what is called the "New England conscience." These vague forms of fear may be more dangerous than outright terror.

A financial crisis is especially likely to cause a great increase in these vague manifestations of fear. Dr. William H. Burnham, one of psychology's grand old men, says, "When business is stagnant the trouble is general suspicion and such general fear that no one dares to branch out in any new project or investment. Thus in hard times and conditions of dull business it is commonly said that what is needed is a general application of the mind cure."

Not only are most of our fears vague and unfounded ones, but they have been acquired, or learned by each of us since early childhood. Perhaps the only fears which we have not learned are fear of loud sudden noises, and fear of falling. This is encouraging, since it indicates that most of our fears having been learned, they can also be unlearned.

Fears which can come to many people in our civilization, yet which they have learned, are: Fear of the unknown, which causes hesitation to start new ventures, which encourages superstitions, which made many people afraid to ride on our early railroads, or to ride on modern tri-motor airplanes, and which keeps some timid souls in a pseudo religious attitude through fear of the hereafter.

A young Japanese who recently went to work in a book store knew how to use this fear of the unknown to get people to settle the bills they owed. The manager gave him the assignment of writing to people who had owed the store and had not paid for a long time. Imagine the manager's astonishment to find that even hard-boiled customers sent in their checks. The head of the firm could not believe his eyes, and asked the new clerk what he had written. This is the letter which brought the unexpected results by arousing a fear of the unknown:

"Dear Sir:

"With reference to your long overdue account, we have received no response in spite of previous applications. Unless we receive a remittance by Monday morning, the steps we shall take will simply amaze you."

Fear of diseases is also common, and it is so extreme in some instances that one well educated school superintendent will not have rugs or curtains in his home because they might harbor germs. In other people this fear of disease causes excessive hand washing. Health columns in the newspapers are published not because readers have bad health, but because they are afraid of getting poor health. And, of course, a gnawing fear of disease makes the individual all the more susceptible to disease, due to the destructive physiological processes which go with fear. This is well illustrated by the story of the Oriental Dervish who met the Cholera to whom he said, "Where are you going?" The Cholera replied, "I'm going to Bagdad, to kill twenty thousand."

Some People Are So Fear-Ridden That Their Imaginations Conjure Up Strange Shapes in the Clouds and Even Forbidding "Ghosts" From Shadows Cast by Such Unoffending Articles as Lamps.

Some time afterward the same Dervish met the Cholera returning, and said, "You vagabond! You killed ninety thousand."

"No! No!" said the Cholera, "I killed twenty thousand; fear killed the rest."

Fear of losing something is also common, and is also acquired. Fire and burglary insurance, government bonds, rafter hoarding are based on this fear. This is one reason why the emotion of fear is especially intensified during hard times. It is also one of the reasons why many people are especially annoyed over the loss of some trivial possession and will spend a dollar's worth of time looking for a ten-cent collar button.

All of these cooperate in the peculiar dread-fear of earthquakes, but underlying all in a case of earthquakes is the basic unlearned fear of falling. Many psychologists believe the mental make-up of the Japanese people is due to the prevalence of earthquakes on their islands, and Dr. T. Simson, a German specialist, has reported observations of the effects of fear in an actual earthquake on twenty children; some children fainted and in all a marked insufficiency in their blood circulation was observed. One child was frightened most, however, because his shoe began to move—he thought a lizard had crawled into it. A university professor from Tokyo confesses after going through a full day of earthquakes in Japan he would still awaken during the night two weeks later with a shock of fear.

There Is No Reason for This Child's Fear of the Amiable, Well-Disposed Dog That Has Jumped Into Its Carriage, Yet the Baby's Fright Is No More Foolish Than Many of the Terrors That Afflict Grown-Ups Who Should Know Better.

Since most of our fears are acquired, Chesterton was right when he said that man himself is one of the serious causes of fear. John Stuart Mill was afraid of his father, John Ruskin was afraid of both his father and mother, and Kaiser Wilhelm was afraid of himself and his withered arm.

The New England conscience, with its close devotion to insignificant self-made rules and customs is, of course, not confined to New England. It is based on a fear of the new—neophobia. Conservative people and old-fashioned people are thus discovered really to be fear-made people.

Sensitiveness—the fear of ridicule or of being blamed—is especially common in adolescent young people from about twelve to eighteen years of age. Most young people grow out of this minor defect of character, but those who do not grow out of it must be brought to realize that people do not mean to be severe, or that the one who blames is not to be taken seriously; or, better yet, they should try to make a joke of it, not think it over, and not blame the person who blames them since we undoubtedly blame others at times, but unintentionally, in just the same way we have been blamed.

Dr. V. L. Briggs, at the International Congress of Mental Hygiene held in Washington, pointed out that fear of an automobile accident had preyed on the minds of the people for months until, in fact, they went out and had an accident. Needless to say the very fear is accompanied by or causes increased blood pressure, increased tension of muscles so that tendons may tear out, and a paralysis of digestive muscles and juices be caused. The New York Academy of Medicine was recently told by Dr. A. C. Ivy of Northwestern University how anxiety actually caused stomach ulcers. Fear can in these ways become a serious thing. But it does have its uses and can be put to work.

These bodily changes, combined with the increase in the primary muscle fuel, or blood sugar, under fear explains why superhuman strength oftentimes accompanies fear or anger. Or why the farmer said, "When I am mad I can lift a ton."

Professor H. Pieron of the University of Paris illustrated this in his observation that if a crab is tied by one claw to a stake and given no food, it remains there until it dies, without making any especial effort to get free. If, however, a poulp, the most dangerous of its enemies, is released near it, the crab amputates its own claw which is chained and escapes. The shock of fear releases such an amount of energy that this accounts for the increased efficiency of the crab in effecting his escape. In like manner the stag, pursued by wolves, is able to run faster on account of the increased energy generated by the fear.

That is one of the high values of fear—it gives superhuman strength and endurance—but it is wearing on the body and surplus sugar may actually be excreted from the body after an intense fright if it is not worked off. Paradoxically, we are sweeter when fearful. Better than counting ten when you are afraid, is to walk ten miles to work off this extra blood sugar. Years ago General Porter observed that the duty of guarding supplies in war time, requiring little active service, might be the hardest for the soldier; and he reported the case of an undoubtedly brave officer, who, after an experience of this kind, declared that if he were ever allotted such a position again he would surely run away.

Fear cannot be controlled by becoming superstitious or dodging it; these are false remedies which damage and weaken character. Wisdom is the cure of fear, especially since most of our fears are learned and groundless. Plato taught that emotion should be controlled by reason. How wisdom and self-confidence transform what might be a paralyzing fear into heroic action is shown by the following incident:

"If anybody in the world knows the danger of landing an airplane in a crowd, it is Lindbergh. The tip of the plane's propeller continues to revolve many seconds after the gas is turned off, at a speed faster than that of a bullet from a pistol. Hence Lindbergh is afraid of a crowd, and his habit in landing is to turn his plane so that the propeller is upfield, in order not to kill any one.

"Crowds, however, are difficult to manage. On landing in one of his western trips Lindbergh saw a little girl, four years of age, who had escaped from her parents, with arms raised in welcome rushing toward the propeller whose blades were going so fast she could not see them. By a tremendous effort he leaped from the plane and caught the little girl away when she was within one or two feet of the propeller that would have killed her."

Other ways in which knowledge helps remove fear are shown by how our conquest of diseases has progressed; fear alone only increases the toll of disease, but fear put into action by scientists and without the use of superstitions has helped us to conquer many diseases.

But even superstition has some value in overcoming fears if one has confidence. This value of confidence is shown by the story which Mrs. D. J. Akeley tells of an African boy: "He had just seen his companion devoured by a crocodile, but insisted on swimming back across the river; and although Mr. Akeley denounced the boy's foolhardiness and shook him violently the boy showed no resentment, stood smiling before him, pointed proudly to his fetishes, tiny antelope horns, packed by the witch doctor, and calmly assured him that he was safe from the crocodiles when he wore this medicine. However dangerous the boy's action, the boy's faith was awe-inspiring, and he repeatedly crossed the river where man-eating crocodiles abounded, but showed no fear. The dependence of the Mohammedan on fate and of many upon a personal God are psychologically higher forms of the same."

Direct action is probably the best means for getting rid of one's fears. One reason things are fearsome is because they are vague and we do not understand them. Direct action, with its concentration of attention, removes this vagueness and much of the fear automatically disappears. A thorough-going physical examination is excellent direct action for removing fear of disease. The best way to stop harboring a fear of having teeth pulled is to get them pulled and have it over with.

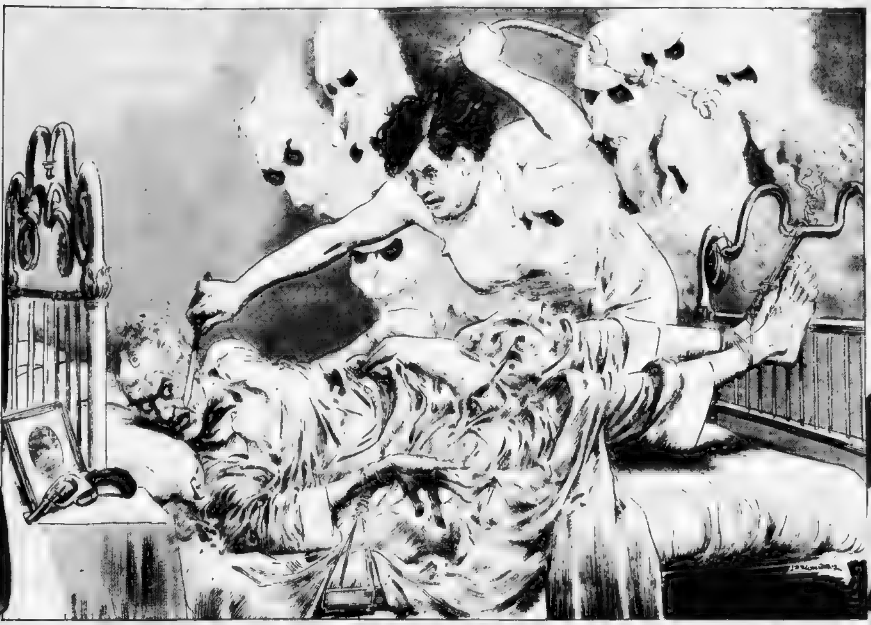
Since we are all bound to be exposed to fear producing situations, it is all the more important to have the habit of facing fear by direct action, just as horses which were afraid of railroad trains were accustomed to the noise of the trains and their fear broken by putting them in a pasture through which the train ran. We must take an objective attitude toward fear and not run away from it. Doing the thing that one is afraid to do is a specific remedy. Changing your external conduct so that it is not the attitude of fear is in line with this.

Fear is natural, and some fear is inevitable. But it is not natural to show it more than a few times a year, nor inevitable to let it gnaw away as timidity through day after day. If we really understood ourselves, and were less afraid of ourselves, we would be afraid of very few things in the world.

The Worm Turned At Last

Distressing Predicament of Old Mr. Hurd Whose Wife Got "Spirit Messages" That He Had Hidden Wealth and Was Dallying With a Neighbor's Wife

Tortured Until His Life Became Unbearable He Seizes a Pistol in His Desperation, Kills His Wife and Thus Ends His Misery



His Feet and Hands Lashed to the Bed, His Wife Seared His Face With a Red-Hot Poker While She Beat Him With a Knotted Rope and Occasionally Varied the Torture by Jabbing the Point of a Dagger Into His Legs, as the Spirits Told Her to Do.

Pitiful Figure of Herbert B. Hurd When the Police Took Him in Hand for the Killing of His Wife. The Burns on His Face and Bruises on His Body Were Still Plain to Be Seen.

Mrs. Nellie A. Hurd [illegible] Taken on Her Wedding D[illegible] When She Married Mr. Hurd

Mrs. Bertha Crossman Goff Hurd, the Adopted Daughter of Mrs. Hurd.

The Stone Bungalow in Kansas City Where Mrs. Hurd Tortured Her Husband Until He Shot and Killed Her.

The Ouija Board From Which Mrs. Hurd Got Her Messages From the Spirits.

TWO Kansas City policemen cruising their district were astounded the other day when they saw an old man clad in pajamas and carrying a revolver in his hand running along a sidewalk as fast as his bare feet would carry him.

When he saw the police he threw up his hands and appeared glad they had overtaken him.

"I've just shot my wife," he told them, excitedly, before they could ask a question.

The frail old man, Herbert B. Hurd, a 77-year-old railroad switch tender, took the police to his home.

There they found Mrs. Nellie A. Hurd, 64 years old, and sturdily built, lying on the floor, dying from four bullets her elderly husband fired into her body when she turned her back on him.

"She was killing me by slow torture," Hurd asserted, "because she said the spirits told her I was an unfaithful husband, that I had hidden wealth, and that I had given $15,000 to a woman with whom she insisted I was keeping company.

"I never had $15,000. All I own is two little houses. I tried to reason with her, that there wasn't anything to those 'spirit' messages she said she was receiving. I told her over and over again that I had no love for any other woman, much less any hidden cash."

The police doubted the husband's story. They were inclined to believe that Hurd was fixing up an excuse for murdering his wife.

But their investigation revealed that Hurd had told them the truth. They found Mrs. Hurd had been in the habit of conducting spiritualistic seances. This unusual necromancer would sit at a ouija board for hours at a time, her eyes staring fixedly on the little three-legged wooden contrivance as it glided over the alphabetical board while in contact with her trembling fingers, believing that it was spelling out messages from the spooks. And when the ouija board's messages were unsatisfactory to her way of thinking she would drop off into what those who had seen her perform called a trance.

Hurd said that for twelve years *he* had been having trouble with his *wife*.

"I would tell her something," he said, "and then she would *consult* the ouija board or go into a *trance*. She would sit at the ouija *board* mumbling things to it as though *she* were talking to a human being. *When* she would complete her *seance* she invariably would tell me: '*Well*, I've caught you in another lie.'"

One day Mrs. Hurd emerged from one of her *many* "trances" and dramatically *told* her husband:

"Now I know the woman you are running around with. And I know you have been hiding money from me all these years—the spirits told me so."

Hurd protested his innocence, but his wife's retort was that "the spirits *do* not lie."

"And the spirits have told me *how to* handle you," Hurd said she *exclaimed*. "I'll find out the truth from *your* very lips."

From this point until *the fatal* day, Hurd said his life was *intolerable*. It was on the morning *of* April 3 that Hurd shot his way *out* of his wife's torturous grip.

The evidence *found* by detectives showed that *Mrs.* Hurd had planned for some *time to* subject her husband to "third *degree*" tortures, to force him to *confess to* things she said the spirits told *her* he was doing without her *knowledge*. They found the window in *Hurd's* room barred like a jail cell. *There* also was a double-edged dagger *and* two revolvers, ropes, wires—everything that Hurd had told the police his wife had used on him.

Hurd, in failing health, was sound asleep one night, when his wife slipped into his room and hit him on the head with the butt end of a pistol. The blow knocked Hurd out. When he regained consciousness he found his wrists and feet wired to the bedstead. It was the beginning of a torture siege that ended only when Hurd shot his wife.

"She would stand over me," Hurd said, "yelling at me to 'tell the truth about that other woman,' or 'where have you got that money hidden.'

"As she *screamed* at me her eyes flashed wildly. She would pull back the *bed covers* and whip me with a *knotted rope*. I screamed in pain and *denied I had* done anything wrong, and *that* I had no money hidden, but the *denial* would only make her whippings *more* severe. If I yelled too loud she would hit me on the head with one of her revolvers and I would pass out.

"When I revived she would toast the soles of my feet by applying burning matches to them. Then she would whip me. During the last few days she used a dagger, jabbing it into the muscles adjacent to my shins. One time she whipped me with one hand and jabbed me with the dagger with the other. Another time she brought in a red-hot poker and seared my face.

"Finally, I felt I couldn't stand the punishment any longer. I begged her to tell me what the spirits had told her I had done. When she told me that she knew the woman I was running around with and all the other things I was supposed to be doing against her, I told her I would confess.

"She let me get out of bed, got me some stationery and called in our adopted daughter, Mrs. Bertha Crossman Goff Hurd. 'I want you to witness this, Bertha,' she said. 'He is going to write a confession.'"

Bertha Hurd described the scene as the torture victim made his confession.

"It was Sunday night, March 31, that Mr. and Mrs. Hurd were in the bedroom. They had been talking loudly and were quarreling. Presently, Mrs. Hurd opened the door and called me into the room.

"Hurd was sitting at a table when I went in. Mother told me that he wanted to make a written confession. In the confession he told of his affairs with a woman in the neighborhood, and about giving her $15,000 at various times, when she threatened to tell his wife about their intimacies. He seemed relieved after he had finished writing the statement."

Hurd admitted he felt relieved, but only because he had hoped his wife would quit torturing him.

"There wasn't a bit of truth in the statement," he said. "I wrote it to get peace. When I finished it I staggered back to bed. I was weak and ill. But my hope for peace was short lived, for only two days later my wife consulted the spirits again. When she started beating and jabbing me with the dagger again, I decided I would either commit suicide or shoot my wife if I got a chance.

"She had been jabbing and whipping me most of the night of April 2, shouting over and over: 'Tell me where you have hidden that money.'

"The next morning I saw a revolver on the table close to the head of the bed. My wife had just put it there so it would be handy to use on my head if I yelled too loud while she was beating me. Over on the dresser I saw the dagger and another revolver. She was close to those two weapons. I waited for my chance. It came when she turned her back on me. I grabbed the pistol, fired four shots and ran out of the house as Nellie fell to the floor, screaming for Bertha. I ran until the police stopped me."

Mrs. Hurd was shot twice in the left arm, once in the chest and once in the abdomen, all of the bullets entering from the back or side.

In a dying statement, Mrs. Hurd moaned that her husband had been unfaithful to her and had given money to another woman. She accused a neighboring woman of alienating her husband's affections and causing the quarrel which led to the shooting.

Detectives questioned the neighbor Mrs. Hurd accused, a woman about 70 years old. Her straightforward story convinced them there was no truth in Mrs. Hurd's statement against her. The neighbor said she had known the Hurds for five years, and had observed with much sympathy their repeated quarrels, which, she said, often reached a disturbing tempo. The disputes were over money matters, the woman asserted.

With this detectives set to work searching for evidence and exhibits which supported Hurd's story that he shot his wife to escape death himself. First they found stab wounds, burns and welts on Hurd's body. Lacerations on his wrists and ankles showed how his flesh had been torn while he wriggled in pain from punishment suffered at the hands of his spiritualistic torturer.

Next, they found the instruments of torture—the barred window, bloodstained dagger, revolvers, knotted ropes, Mexican handcuffs or rope, wires and the stove poker Mrs. Hurd used to sear her husband's wrinkled face. They found the confession he had written at the direction of his wife and a letter Hurd had written in February, when he ran away to get relief from his wife's tortures.

Bertha revealed the weird story of her "mother's" belief in spirits and showed the detectives where important evidence could be found. Detectives were told by Bertha that she had hidden the dagger and revolver Mrs. Hurd had used on her husband in a chimney flue. They removed the stovepipes and the weapons fell clattering down to the bottom of the flue chamber. They tapped a hole in the wall to recover them.

The dagger had bloodstains on it. It was tell-tale evidence confirming Hurd's story.

"I never saw it before the shooting," Bertha insisted. "While Mrs. Hurd was lying on the floor, fatally wounded, she made the dying request that I take the dagger and revolver and hide it in the flue, and I did."

The officers also were told by Bertha that when Mrs. Hurd administered the third degree to the husband, she did it behind closed doors, and had the radio turned on so her [illegible] not hear what was go[illegible] chamber. The [illegible] told the police M[illegible] faith in the spi[illegible]

Hurd [illegible] November he wa[illegible] still on a charge of [illegible] neighbor. [illegible] Thomas V. H[illegible] that he [illegible] his wife [illegible] harm [illegible] court [illegible] so that [illegible] wanted [illegible] she was [illegible] of hu[illegible]

Wh[illegible] come after [illegible] in Mr. H[illegible] Hurd [illegible] 19[illegible]

The [illegible] he was [illegible] informed M[illegible]

"She told [illegible] information [illegible] me about it,'" the [illegible]

Mrs. Hurd [illegible] took the conf[illegible] Hurd to write to [illegible] tor W. W. Gra[illegible] written. The w[illegible] for the arre[illegible] named in it [illegible] tor. W[illegible] would [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible]

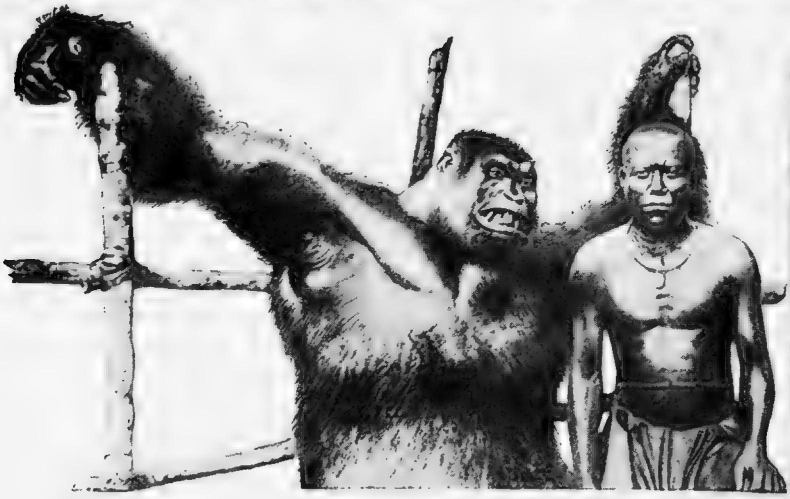
Prior to th[illegible], Mrs. Hurd [illegible] the prosecutor to '[illegible] my husband to share [illegible] with me because the doctors say his heart is so bad he may pass away at almost any minute.'"

After Mrs. Hurd had been buried, a will, stocks and bonds with a face value of $40,000, two bank accounts totaling $[illegible],200, and a quantity of valuable jewelry, were found in a safety deposit box in the vault of the Kansas City Commerce Trust Company. Some of the bonds were more than thirty-five years old.

Authorities brought the bizarre case to a rapid climax. As soon as Hurd had recovered from his cuts and bruises suffered at the hands of his wife, he was taken to the prosecutor's office. A brief hearing there resulted in his freedom when the slaying of Mrs. Hurd was listed as "justifiable homicide." The worm had turned at last and the officers of the law felt no inclination to punish the wretched man.

Visiting Man's Ferocious Relativ

Interesting Experiences of a F



Powerful Physique of a Full-Grown Gorilla Compared With a Muscular Native. The Gorilla's Stretch of Arms Is Tremendous and His Muscular Development Is Almost Beyond Belief.

M. Ichac's Caravan Traveling Through the African Forest. S
Trees Are 300 Feet Tall.

By M. Pierre Ichac,
The French Traveler and Explorer.
(Continued from Last Sunday)

I STOPPED a week ago in a village without a name, like many others, and now I have had to leave my home, a place where I had friends. This friendship, perhaps, was not absolutely reciprocal, and I don't have many illusions, but I have kept the impression that after their respectful, but suspicious, attitude on the first day, the people became accustomed to seeing among them this inoffensive and benevolent white, who was looking for gorillas. But so must it be with travelers and explorers.

The children visited me and received as a reward from time to time some sugar or—a priceless gift—the red and black paper of my photographic reels, of which they made little costumes. I shall keep the memory and the photos of the girl with a face like a full moon and a round stomach always laughing and eating. There was a mysterious resemblance between her and a god daughter I had left in France. With the boys I organized competitions with the javelin, or the bow, and all of them started at once to cut bows and arrows from fragments of wood torn from the family hut.

The young girls, more timid and wild, allowed me to follow them fishing in the swamp, where they caught crawfish and little fish for my dinner with quick movements of the hand, like a monkey catching flies. Sometimes in the evening while my photographs were soaking in the fixing solution I went to visit the hut of my athletic neighbor, the chief, where a concert of shrill voices was heard.

Two small rubber torches burnt in an earthenware dish supplying a yellow light, with hardly any smoke or smell. The chief was sunk in his armchair, with one of his daughters near him. The others, with their little neighbors, sang and danced around. Their pretty poses stood out against the flame on the ground. Their enlarged shadows played upon the wall. They made little bows to one another, and, turning slowly, danced the old French Charleston, with knees turned in, heels and elbows out, and their hands on their knees. They danced and sang in their high voices:

"Mbalmayo, what a pretty town.
We would all go to Mbalmayo."

They put their arms around one another, one arm around the waist of another, and the other arm free, as in the Parisian Bal Musette, and whirled around singing:

"To Mba, to Mba, to Mbalmayo,
To Mba, to Mba, to Mbalmayo."

They then began over again. Women came in after their day's work was done and said to me, "Mboulou" (Good-day).

I answered, "Mbolane."

By showing much politeness and giving a little salt here and there, I became the friend of the housekeepers. I entered their houses without ceremony, and found them always at work seated on the ground, wearing their loin cloth carefully, pounding bananas, crushing ground nuts, and so on.

The men looked upon me as a somewhat crazy white man, who wanted to see Ndjileh, the gorilla, but the people of the forest have long ceased to be astonished at the craziness of the whites. I should explain that since the start of my journey I had gone a long way, reached a different country, and the gorilla bore a different name. It was Ngi in the country of Yaoundeh and Ndjileh in the country of Ndzimou. As there are very few men, white or black, who have ever visited the gorillas in their homes, I was already surrounded by a certain prestige which my trackers kept up, but which became very great when I began to beat the champions of the village at the game of songo. This is a kind of backgammon played with beads, and is a quiet, honorable occupation for the forest men, much preferable to working or hunting, the first of which is left to women, and the second mostly to the pigmies.

The pigmies feared me less, accompanied me into the forest, for they are marvelous trackers, and brought me the honey of wild bees wrapped up in leaves. Their women, with little pieces of wood or glass inserted in the upper lip, their projecting eye sockets, their narrow chins, and their bird-like heads, allowed me to measure and photograph them when they were bringing bananas to the the village. As the mothers did not fear me, the babies ended by trusting me.

How an Enraged Gorilla Looks When He Starts to Charge an Enemy. Sometimes He Charges on All Fours.

I left all that for other scenes and other tribes, and when I leave those I know today my heart will be sad. I was continually passing over the wild forest track showing here and there on a spot of slippery mud the impressive footprints of a panther. From time to time an army of ants crossed my path; a black and shining ribbon, thick as your arm, in which the eye could only make out a rapid movement of feet and antennae under a continuous mass of insects. From time to time at great distances enormous ant soldiers were on guard, with heads raised and jaws open, seeking what they could devour. I knelt and tried to photograph them from close at hand while my trackers endeavored to pick off the ant soldiers, who were fiercely attacking my legs. And usually I retreated, conquered by the innumerable enemy.

Still larger armies of termites infested the earth in patches under the dead leaves. They are globular, with a dirty white abdomen, a black head, and they work in countless groups, which are guarded by soldiers also with their jaws ready. From a distance of many feet a crackling sound rises from the earth, due to the chewing of thousands of little jaws, and the movements of thousands of little feet on the dead soil.

When the termites had passed I resumed my journey. My litter, called a tipoye, and its four porters followed behind me empty. A tipoye is like an army, which it is best to show in order not to use it. As they passed over the termites my tipoye and my tipoye men danced a wild jig.

Then came the porters, also attacked by St. Vitus' dance, which they danced with their burdens on their heads. The most unfortunate victim was my dog, a little black and white animal, all paws and ears, the offspring of an imported fox-terrier and a forest dog. He came thoughtlessly skipping with his nose in the middle of the dead leaves. Suddenly he howled, leaped and landed many feet further on, howling and trying to rid himself of his invaders.

The hunter and myself were far ahead of the caravan. Only the tipoye men, whose equipment was light, were as near as 600 feet to us. The forest is full of elusive creatures, whom you must surprise if you wish to learn anything about them.

Some leaves rustled on the left of the track. The noise was short, slight and almost imperceptible. The black hunter and I looked at one another. Our lips pronounced the same word, "Techueh" (the little gray antelope). Two steps away we found the slight tracks of the animal in the red earth, but it was already far away.

Another time we saw the orange-colored fruit of the "doummo" scattered over the ground at the foot of a tree. We looked up into the branches. Something shook them, covering us with their dew like a heavy shower. The monkeys who did this had already gone. The same showers and cries passed from one tree to another. An old frightened black monkey was shaking in the fork of a heavy branch and coughing nervously

Another time we met the red boar of the forest. Under the imprints of a cloven foot the red earth seemed to be bleeding from a recent wound. The cloven foot led us through the wall of foliage bordering the track up to an impenetrable mass of creepers hanging between two trees. Taking a detour around the obstacle we found the boar's track again. We stopped in an open spot near an enormous tree with invisible foliage, its trunk smothered by vines, as veins are supposed to stand out on the body of a man attacked by arterio-sclerosis. I cleared away some branches around me and made room to handle my rifle.

But the call of the hunter produced no effect. Nothing appeared in sight, and I turned away. Then I saw the red mass of the boar behind us, with his nose in the air, hesitating. He looked at us perhaps for ten seconds. On the eleventh I put my rifle to my shoulder, but he was gone. We shall have to await another time for pork chops.

Following certain marks in the forest—branches broken during our march—we picked up the track where the tipoye men were awaiting us. We came to a swampy lake, crossed by a little wooden bridge, on which our footsteps sounded like a native piano. Then came pond after pond. They required us to climb down into the red clay, to march over a long string of round logs, accompanied by the menacing hum of the tsetse flies. We climbed up again and reached a place where the forest was more open, richer in shade trees, with a white trunk and leaves like great fans. A village was ahead of us, and we came to the first plantations. The houses of rattan cane and bark, covered with leaves of raphia, stretched out in two long lines on each side, until we came to the great palaver hut, which was open like a hangar.

"The street of the white man," with its rattan veranda and its great doorway closed by straw shades, is built at the end of the village, 100 feet away from a thick wood of sissongos which could be penetrated only by an elephant or a tank.

Almost every night, they tell me, a gorilla comes to sleep there among the sissongos. His snoring is so terrible that the women stay awake and none of them dare go out of the hut. "Kill him," they say, "and you will be the best white man for us. Here in the village he continually attacks people on the road."

To prove they are right, a little man with a monkey-like face, somewhat excited, comes up and relates that an enormous gorilla, the one who sleeps among the sissongos, has just barred his path only 600 feet from the village. This man, like other natives in similar cases, trusted more to his legs than his spear and ran away. The gorilla returned to the forest, growling and leaving the road free. My mind was filled with pleasure at this news.

"White man, do you wish to see gorilla?" asked the monkey-like little man. "You will see some, perhaps, sooner than you think. The gorillas around us sleep near the village. If your little gorilla cries at night the big ones will come."

Let them come, I thought, and having finished my dinner prepared for a siege. Near my camp bed I installed my electric lamp, the Winchester, loaded with steel-nosed bullets; the photographic apparatus and my magnesium lamps. At my side I placed the basket in which Bobo, flat on his stomach, chewed a bit of sugar cane. Then I lay down and waited. I waited for hours and tried in vain to go to sleep. Nyok, the forest wild cat, an invisible animal, filled the night with his dreadful howls. A child wept and people coughed in neighboring huts. There was tomtom playing at the other end of the village. In my hut I heard a shrill cricket and presently there came the tremendous crackling of the termites. But Bobo, who had cried on previous nights, wisely went to

e in the African Jungle

rench Explorer in the Home of the Gorilla and Among the Natives of the Wild Forests of the Cameroon

me of the

A Native Woman With Children, Watching the Party of Hunters.

sleep and only uttered a little sigh from time to time. I finally went to sleep in a bath of sweat.

The gorilla who lived near the pathway obstinately refused to respond to my advances, and Bobo spent whole nights in peaceful slumber. While the two hunters, Nkwa and Madjya, one thin and the other fat, searched for tracks for me, I was reduced to studying the native language and making notes. While I was writing the black hunter rose silently without my noticing him. He came back, suddenly, seized hold of my rifle, slipped in steel-nosed bullets and said to me:

"Quick, master, the Ngi is here."

He started at a trot for the eastern end of the village. Two of our men went into their huts, took their spears and joined us. Running all the time, we crossed the bridge of Boum, then another little bridge, and my hunter explained that Nkwa had discovered in the plantation a whole group of gorillas eating their dinner.

We came to the plantation of banana trees. I received the usual advice from the hunter:

"I am walking silently. You must, too."

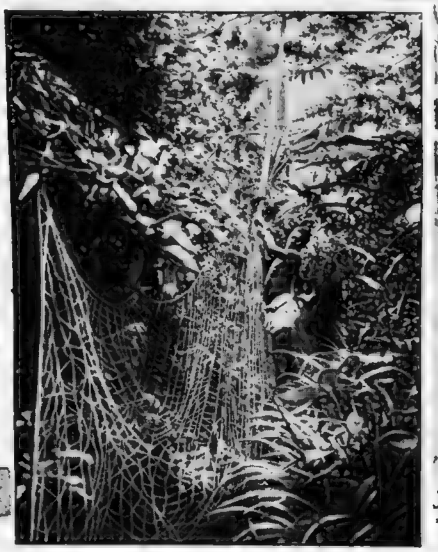
We plunged into the grass that came halfway up our legs. There was a pathway less worn than that through the village, for the women do not care to meet the gorillas, although it often happens to them. So often, indeed, that they have made places of retreat here and there, surrounded by barriers of branches, which they can jump over easily, but which the suspicious gorillas do not care to cross.

The pathway crossed the plantation and then passed into the wood to reach the favorite playground of the gorillas. The place was surrounded by forests, regular and high banana trees, behind which a man could hide, and large fallen trees lying across others and furnishing excellent observation posts. As we came to the open space the gorillas were very busy.

My hunter, greatly pleased, led me behind him through fallen trees. There were sounds on the right and the left. The noise on the left came from near the edge of the plantation where the leaves were shaking. The noise on the right was due to a gorilla mother and her little one. I caught a glimpse for a moment of the mother at the top of a young tree, while the little one was crying on the ground. The tree broke and the gorilla came down with a big crash. But we advanced too quickly. The female saw us and ran away, shaking the branches.

We went on further. Before us stretched a large area full of racket, as if a crew of ardent and muscular relief workmen were cutting wood. A banana tree cracked and fell down with a great noise of leaves. I observed at this moment that we were surrounded by much destruction among the banana trees. They lay on the ground, their great dark green leaves flat on the soil. The destruction went on all the time. The gorillas trampled among the leaves, ate, growled and quarreled among themselves thirty feet away from us.

I climbed up a big tree, littered with vines and fallen banana trees. I was loaded with photographic apparatus, daring and ambitious, but awkward. The black hunter with his rifle in hand was afraid of my awkwardness and the looks which he cast at me said more than words. Between ourselves, reader, I should like to have seen you in my place.



The Hunting Net Which Is Set in the Bush to Tangle Up the Creatures That Are Hunted in the Forest.

Beneath us there were gorillas. Once more sheltered in the thick foliage they spotted us first and stepped out of the plantation like giants. The entire plantation resounded with raucous panting. The drum-like noise of fists beating on enormous chests, and the sound of branches broken in flight. There were altogether ten gorillas. Half of them kept up their roars of defiance hidden behind a curtain of leaves. The black hunter shook a bundle of dead leaves and panted after the manner of a gorilla, but without effect. The animals only returned noises just like his own. One by one the gorillas grew tired and went away.

They did not come back for a whole week, but the morning after that day a man came to my hut out of breath with a message from a neighboring village. He said the great gorilla from that place beside the pathway was ravaging a plantation near his village. All the available men from both villages went out with their spears and their nets. They were going to make a big drive and take revenge for their anxieties and their wrecked plantation.

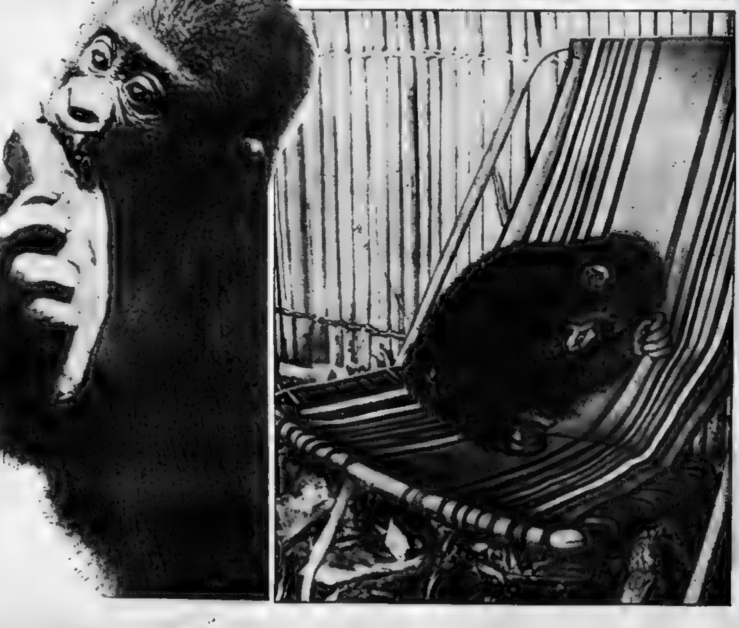
As I stirred to activity at this news, the tales of many authors whose books I had read about the African jungle came to my mind.

I should not have expected when I landed here, full of their reading matter, that the mysterious forests of Cameroon concealed this calm, almost bourgeois life, these lazy and pacific people, and that the only warlike tumult arising from these villages would be conjugal disputes. A game of songo, a bamboo harp playing ceaselessly with its thin tone like a music box its unchanging tune, some grains of corn cooking, a wild pig caught in a trap and the appetizing sound of bananas being pounded up, sufficed for the happiness of the forest people.

However, they are willing to add a little religion. Two missionaries, both of the deepest black, divided the village, one at each end. One of them, a Catholic, teaches the children the Yaoundeh language and sings hymns with them. The Protestant missionary teaches them the Boulou language, and his hut resounds with the nasal singing of psalms. Both of them, I regret to say, are unscrupulous gigolos, who seem to be only civilized in their costume, despite the white

(Continued on Page 22)

Interesting Photographs of the Baby Gorilla "Bobo" in Various Poses and Attitudes. Always the Little Animal's Face Seemed Very Serious, and, at Times, He Appeared to Be in Deep Thought. Photographs by Pierre Ichac, the French Traveler and Explorer.



The Burglary

by D. Parsons

How a Chatty Midnight Interloper Surprised in the Pantry of a Country Villa Turns Up as a House Guest at Breakfast the Next Morning, to the Great Surprise of at Least One Pretty Girl.

Complete on This Page.

"What are you doing here," I Asked, Unnecessarily, as Soon as I Had Got Over the Shock. He Gave Me a Sly Wink. "Oh, I'm committing a burglary," He Said Quietly. "I'm starving."

THE correct way to deal with a burglar? My dear this is a subject upon which you can safely regard me as an expert. It's always rather difficult to know what to do when one's girlish slumbers are rudely disturbed by the sound of breaking and entering below, because though one's natural instinct revolts against letting the intruder get away with good property, the imagination rather runs to gangs of unshaven toughs armed probably with vitriol and certainly with revolvers.

I suppose if you are a man, or even one of those horse-faced athletic women with a good grip on a hockey stick, you can safely go down and put your stuff across; but for timid females like myself, the only procedure I can recommend is to get up and dress, slowly, carefully, and completely, taking especial care to get the perm. in perfect order, the nose well-powdered, and the kiss-proof at exactly the right density. Then you can afterwards say, "My dear, I was just slipping on a few clothes to go down, when the fellow got away."

Of course, if you must take a more active part in the proceedings it is better to go to the top of the stairs and roll down a large coalscuttle, or a water-jug, or anything that will make an appalling clatter, at the same time bellowing something Kiplingesque like, "Come on, boys," or "This way, sergeant," and hope for the best. At all events, avoid the personal touch in these cases; it's a great deal more trouble than it's worth. I tried it myself, once, at the Stonyhaughs', and it proved a dismal failure.

You didn't know there had ever been a burglary at the Stonyhaughs'? Well, I'm not surprised. Only one other person besides myself knew about it, and we both hushed it up for several reasons. The other was John Thomas Foster.

You, you needn't look at me with that pained expression; I admit that only those who do not know John Thomas Foster can claim to be pure and unspotted from the world. The trouble is that he is old Mrs. Stonyhaugh's favorite great-nephew, and we were more or less thrust upon each other at one of her house parties; it was there that the burglary in question took place.

You probably know the Stonyhaughs. A dear, old, retired army major and his wife who have settled down to enjoy their declining years in peace and quiet, but having a vast horde of bright young nephews and nieces dotted about the globe, they like to burst out every now and then into a wild house party, featuring two or more of the said relatives and their friends.

On this occasion they had decided to celebrate John Thomas Foster's return home from South America, where he had been farming whatever it is one does farm in that part of the world, and generally making a perfect nuisance of himself.

I rather suspect that the family had packed him off there originally, because they considered New York too small a place to hold him after he had come down from Harvard. In any case, here he was, back on his native soil again, and here was I summoned to the Stonyhaugh home to help celebrate the fact.

It was a beastly journey, dank and foggy, and most of the time I was driving the family two-seater blindly into an amber haze and wondering whether the only bit of curb I could see was meant to be on the left or the right side of the road. Fortunately I got in behind a whacking great truck driver, apparently a clairvoyant, and I made pretty good progress. Old Major Stonyhaugh met me on the doorstep, looking exactly like the man in the "Pickwick Papers" who [illegible] party into Dingley Dell.

Most of the guests had already arrived by this time. There was the usual crowd—Freddie Threepold, the lad with the sense of humor and Dory Ashley and her brother, and the Winchel girls, looking just as brainless and beautiful as ever, and that awful man whose name I forget, who thinks he can wear suede shoes with an army moustache. I shall never forget his pained expression when I remarked that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed in one of these.

Verina Barrington was there, of course, with that bestial little dog of hers, and a weird individual named Lucian something, who writes the most lurid sex novels, but otherwise leads a most depressingly blameless life. The only absentee was John Thomas Foster himself. He had been spending the day in town buying a second-hand sports car on indefinitely deferred payments, and was presumably stranded somewhere along the road. This theory was confirmed by dinner time when a telegram came through worded, "Fogbound and car done the dirty on me. Arriving elevenish tomorrow."

"The dear boy, he does say the wittiest things," said Mrs. Stonyhaugh on reading it, thus causing me to take a distinct dislike to the dear boy before I had even seen him.

Conversation at dinner fluttered from this subject to that for a bit, and finally crystallized into a discussion on burglary and what to do about it. And in the course of this the Major suddenly came out with the story.

It appeared that he had an elderly aunt living alone in a biggish house somewhere in the lower reaches of Finchley who awoke one night to find that three strong men had broken into her drawing-room in search of booty. Instead of staying put, like most of us, under the sheets, the old dear tottered downstairs, confronted these lads with dignity and aplomb, stood them drinks and a scratch meal, got their stories of starving wives and children out of them, delivered a brief lecture on the perils of dishonesty, handed each one a half-dollar, and showed them the door.

The whole point was that she was old and infirm and alone in the house, and would have been perfectly helpless if they had chosen to turn nasty, and the whole thing was a triumph of personality and poise.

So the night wore on with mirth and gaiety, till finally the party began to trickle off to bed. I collared the Lucian fellow on the stairs, as being the only literary person present, and asked him to lend me something to read in the night watches. I always read in bed because I find that if I don't, I never read anything. Unfortunately the poor dear turned bashful, and instead of producing one of his own novels he handed out a book of most blood-curdling ghost stories. By the time I had got through some rats crawling over a decomposed body at the bottom of a stagnant well, and a spot of demoniac laughter echoing up and down the shaft, any idea of sleep became impossible. I enveloped my frame in a tasteful dressing-gown and began to gaze thoughtfully out of the window at the Stonyhaugh garden as seen by moonlight. The fog, I noticed, had cleared.

I remained thus occupied, I suppose, for about ten minutes, and then, as a train of thought came to an end, I suddenly began to think I saw a sinister figure creeping silently across the lawn. The brain had no sooner started functioning again when the figure vanished. "Burglars," I thought, and immediately decided that I had been dreaming.

Another spot of silence followed, and I was just about to hop back into bed when I heard an indefinite sound from somewhere downstairs. It did not repeat itself, and after a few moments of indecision I tiptoed out into the corridor as far as the top of the stairs, and listened to a lot of unbroken silence for some time. Tired of this, I walked slowly down the stairs and stopped about half-way; suddenly noticing that a door, presumably leading to the kitchen regions, was half-open, and behind it there was a light turned on.

The brain functioned once more. Either there was a burglar in the building, or else one of my fellow guests had come all over hungry in the small hours, and was now helping himself to a few unconsidered trifles. In the first place a woman's place was obviously in her bed, in the second I wouldn't have minded an odd biscuit or two myself. What, I wondered, should I do about it?

Out of the ensuing turmoil the following thoughts emerged.

One: a real burglar wouldn't be looking for valuables in the pantry.

Two: it wouldn't go down too well if I roused the entire household with a shrill cry, only to find Lucian breaking into one.

Three: nor would it be too well appreciated if I wafted back to bed, leaving some tough to walk away with the Stonyhaugh millions.

Four: if I roused the household it would mean that sooner or later the suede shoe king would appear before me in his dressing gown. An awful vision of birds of paradise in emerald green and gold shot silk danced before my eyes and left no choice in the matter. I mmust investigate myself.

I advanced warily towards the pantry, flung open the door with a theatrical gesture, and stopped dead. I had come face to face with a real burglar.

Of course, in my heart of hearts, I had believed all along that it was either Lucian or Freddie Threepold. It wasn't. It was a genuine burglary, and I walked right into the middle of it. Before me I saw a youngish man, somewhat in need of a wash and shave, with a shock of unruly red hair. He wore a foul and battered old mackintosh, a disgraceful pair of flannel trousers, and an old cloth cap pushed to the back of his head. A grimy scarf was knotted negligently round his neck in a manner which made me suspect that he did not boast a collar or tie. When I entered he was sitting on the edge of the table, getting down to a cold veal and ham pie and a glass of beer. Fortunately there seemed to be only one of him.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, unnecessarily, as soon as I had got over the shock.

He gave me a sly smile. "Oh, I'm committing a burglary," he said quietly. "I'm starving."

"At least it would be something to be able to tell your friends that you have been kissed by a real burglar."

I realized it was my turn to make a remark. Bluff, that was the thing. The Major's aunt. Poise and personality.

"Well," I said airily, "I suppose I ought to hand you over to the police or something."

To my horror he picked up a large carving knife which lay on the table beside him.

"I don't think you'd find it all that easy," he said, with a light laugh, and I began to experience a dentist's waiting-room sensation running up and down the spinal column.

In a flash I realized the big flaw that marred the tactics of the Major's aunt. It was like a good repartee—the other fellow doesn't say the right thing for it. Fortunately he began to cut himself another piece of bread, and I was able to think clearly again. With a faint glimmering of hope I noticed that the scarf he was wearing bore the colors of a good public school. I tried one more stab at the Aunt's method.

"You seem to have come down in the world a bit," I said. "What was it, drink or women?"

This time it got home.

"It was a bit of both," he said at length. "What I mean is, if it hadn't been for the one, it wouldn't have been the other."

I was too relieved and encouraged to puzzle this out. "Well, go on with your meal, and let's hear the story," I said, "I'm rather interested." And to restore confidence and assist the atmosphere I helped myself to a chocolate biscuit.

Well, it was a sad story, but I suppose by no means unique. His parents, he told me, had died just before he left school, leaving him with no money and little prospect of a job. The school got him a place in a city firm, but he soon lost that because his education simply hadn't fitted him for it. Then, through a girl he met in a hotel, he got a job in a small advertising agency, only to find that the whole concern was simply a shield for a gang of swindlers and confidence men. Their chief racket consisted in turning out title deeds of imaginary foreign estates, and selling them to mugs in the fashionable hotels.

"Like a fool I didn't clear out of it at once," he said. "I had some stupid idea of getting the girl away from it, but she didn't care about it, and then I started hitting the bottle to keep my conscience quiet, and got into trouble in a number of different ways.

"Then the firm had to break up in a hurry, and I was left wandering round the country, trying various things without success. I was a door-to-door pedlar for a bit—a dog's life, and I made about four-pence out of it. I've been a waiter, an assistant chucker-out, a cloak-room attendant, and got fired because someone had lost a hat he did not park. As I don't seem to be able to get work anywhere I can't collect the dole. I slept out the last three nights, and I haven't fed for twenty-four hours. This is really the first time I've committed a burglary, though. I didn't intend to take any money, but I thought you could spare a little food."

"Well, carry on with the meal," I said, encouragingly.

"I suppose it's just as well," he remarked after a few minutes. "When I come out of jug they'll get me a job through some prisoners' help society which I could never have got by being honest."

He hiccupped, doubtless from food and ale on an empty stomach, and apologized immediately.

"Pardon me," he said, "a touch of malaria."

It was this trival witticism that did it. I felt really sorry for him. He was down and out, a budding felon, practically under arrest, and yet he was still able to get his sense of humor going. Probably his downfall had been as much due to his own foolishness as anything, but on the other hand we had both had much the same standard of education, and I wondered, not witout a cold shudder, where, but for the grace of God, would I have been.

I plunged my hand into my dressing-gown pocket, and found lurking there a five dollar bill which I had collected from fond mamma the night before and forgotten to transfer to a safer place.

"Look here," I said. "Suppose you had a wash and shave and a slightly more presentable suit, would that be any help to you finding a job? What I mean is, would five dollars do it?"

"Five dollars!" he echoed, incredulously. "That would make all the difference in the world."

I spread the note on the table before him. "Take it," I said, "and good luck to you. You'll need plenty of it."

He looked up at me like a devoted spaniel.

"Honestly," he said, "I don't know how I can possibly thank you enough. I didn't believe that people like you existed any more."

"Well, leave it at that," I answered. "And now I suggest a graceful exit. Is that the window you climbed in by?"

He pocketed the note and walked slowly to the window. Then he turned round.

"I wish I could find some means of repaying you for your kindness," he said.

I was about to venture a depreciating remark, when the inspiration descended upon him.

"I have it. At least it would be something to be able to tell your friends that you have been kissed by a real burglar."

And before I could come out with a maidenly protest the deed was done, and he had filtered out into the night.

Well, that was that. I closed the window, dimmed the light, and wandered up to meet the dreamless.

The following morning I came down five dollars the poorer and bursting with a story, but Mrs. Stonyhaugh met me at the bottom of the stairs, also bursting with a story, and I couldn't get the first word of mine in edgeways. Oh, it was marvelous. The dear boy had arrived. He had managed to repair his car, and broken in about two in the morning, and slept on a sofa. He was having breakfast now. Come and be introduced.

Through the open dining-room door I caught a glimpse of a faded blazer surmounted by a shock of red hair, and a sickening sensation came over me that I had been had.

"I think we have met before," said John Thomas Foster.

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"18 to 24 Miles per Gallon of Gas"†

SAY OWNERS, *reporting amazing economy of Big, Powerful, New Dodge*

† ACTUAL OWNERS' EXPERIENCE. LETTERS IN OUR FILES.

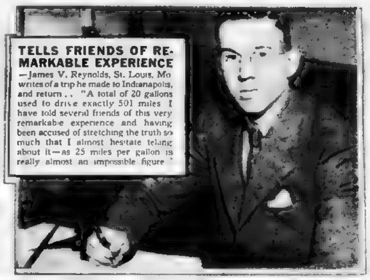
587 MILE DRIVE—NOT A BIT TIRED "On [illegible] 19th I drove [illegible] trip of 587 m[illegible] Brackman [illegible] writer of New York [illegible] around 40 m[illegible] way and gas [illegible] 20 4 10 miles to the g[illegible] I might add that I [illegible] least although I [illegible] to driving but very [illegible]"

DODGE OWNER SINCE 1916... GETS 20 MILES PER GALLON THROUGH MOUNTAIN SNOW—"The distance from Sacramento to Truckee is 115 miles," writes C H S Roberts San Francisco, "and of the 115 miles, 65 of it is mountain and snow country. On the entire trip and return I made a careful check of gas consumption and found that the car made the trip on just enough gasoline to average out 20-5 9 miles per gallon I have used Dodge Brothers automobiles exclusively since 1916."

GOES 3,651 MILES—AVERAGE SPEED 50 MILES PER HOUR—GETS 18¾ MILES TO THE GALLON—"The trip to California from Bellmore was 3,651 miles," says Mrs. Freda Fischer, Bellmore, N. Y., "and we used 195 gallons of gas. This makes an average of 18¾ miles per gallon. While we did not go over 45 miles per hour the first 2,000 miles, we did go 60 at times, but our general speed was a steady 50 on the open roads in Texas and Arizona."

GETS 15 TO 16 MILES PER GALLON IN CITY TRAFFIC—"I'm an experienced enough driver to know that although a car may give wonderful mileage out on a country highway, the story is entirely different when you're driving [illegible] through a lot of traffic," says Mr. J K Cr[illegible] of New York City. "That's why Dodge economy [illegible] me. I get an average of 15 to 16 miles to the gallon covering the most crowded streets—and I never heard of any other car that can match that."

WILL GET FREE GAS FOR 2,500 MILES THIS YEAR—"3 to 5 more miles per gallon of gas—saves money on oil and repair expense is practically nil. I expect my new Dodge to give me free gas for 2 500 miles this year," says Emil Lehmann New York City "I average 10 thousand miles a year and though my new Dodge is the biggest and best car I have ever owned, it actually costs less to run than small, competitive makes I've driven It gives me 3 to 5 more miles to the gallon of gas—about 25% more than other cars. On that basis, I figure I'll get that 2 500 miles free of gas and oil expense."



TELLS FRIENDS OF REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE—James V. Reynolds, St. Louis, Mo writes of a trip he made to Indianapolis, and return.. "A total of 20 gallons used to drive exactly 501 miles I have told several friends of this very remarkable experience and having been accused of stretching the truth so much that I almost hesitate telling about it—as 25 miles per gallon is really almost an impossible figure."

GETS MORE THAN 20 MILES PER GALLON FROM "GREATEST DODGE EVER BUILT."—"This is the third Dodge I have owned," writes R. M. Wadsworth El Paso, Texas. "I have been well pleased with the two former models, but to say I am well pleased with the '35 Model would not do justice to the car It is the greatest car Dodge ever built a pleasure and a thrill to drive The first trip I made in this car was 684 miles I used 33 gallons of gasoline and 1 quart of oil, averaging better than 20 miles per gallon."

EXPLORER IN LITTLE AMERICA PRAISES DODGE ECONOMY—"Picked up radio description last night new Dodge that does twenty and more miles per gallon of gas," wirelessed Clay Bailey, U.S.N., radio operator, from the Byrd Southpole expedition "You can place my order now Have coupe awaiting me Boston on our return to states. You can take in and sell my old Dodge now It was a darned good car, but after months of roughing it in this sea and ice that new 'Airglide Ride' will feel swell. Dodge has always been the finest riding, driving and most economical car I have ever driven and I have handled 'em all."

Smart as Tomorrow—New-Value Dodge Sedan (2-door) now only $690*—Touring Sedan (4-door) as illustrated, now only $760*

New-Value DODGE now only $645*

DELIVERS NOW FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS

*NEW VALUE DODGE Coupe $645, 2-door Sedan $690, Rumble Seat Coupe $720, Touring Sedan (2 door, with built in trunk) $715, Sedan $735, Touring Sedan (4-door, with built-in trunk) $760, Convertible Coupe $770. Dodge Trucks $365 and up. *All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.*

DODGE DIVISION—CHRYSLER MOTORS

The Triple Alliance

by B. N. Bessunger

The Double Cross Worked Overtime When an English Nobleman, an American Gangster and a Parisian Jeweler Joined Forces In a Million Dollar Diamond Robbery. A Short Story Complete on This Page.

Adelmann Looked Up and Started to Reach the Hand Extended Toward Him .There Was a Sharp Report The Little Jeweler Crumpled Up....Shot Through the Heart

INSPECTOR SHAW of the Criminal Investigation Department (Special Branch), assuming the magisterial tone which he felt fitted the occasion, relaxed his grip on the handle of the locked door and addressed the two constables behind him.

"Force that door," he said.

In a few moments the door was flung open, revealing a spectacle that almost compelled an ejaculation of surprise from the imperturbable Shaw.

For here, in a single room, lay the solution to those three separate cases with which he had been detailed to deal without a suggestion of correlation! This killing of three birds with one stone would undoubtedly enhance his reputation among his colleagues at the Yard. The inspector smiled inwardly with self-satisfaction, fingering the delicate ends of his moustache. He could imagine when the next tough case cropped up, "Put old Shaw on to it" they would say; "he's the man for queer jobs."

Producing a notebook from an inner pocket, he turned to the page on which was pinned a cutting from an evening paper. He scanned the first few lines amusedly.

"A certain amount of mystery," he read, "attaches itself to the disappearance of M. August Adelmann, senior partner of the well-known firm of international jewelers, who left the Paris house for London last Wednesday. We are informed that an intimation has been received from the French authorities by Scotland Yard that the assistance and co-operation of the English police is invited."

Unpinning the slip, Inspector Shaw turned over a few pages. The next cutting ran:

"All Mayfair is wondering what has become of young Lord Sheringham, who caused some sensation on Thursday night by failing to appear at the dinner party he was giving at his house in Curzon Street, and of whom nothing has since been seen."

This too was unpinned and placed beside the jeweler's disappearance. A few more pages and he came across another scrap. This contained the bare headline

DARING DAYLIGHT ROBBERY
FAMOUS LEVINSKY DIAMONDS STOLEN

and bore a date three weeks old.

The inspector pinned the three clippings neatly together, placed them in his notebook which he slipped in his pocket, and turned to examine the bodies.

* * *

Bertram Ashby Belvedere Fellowes, sixth Viscount Sheringham, flicked an imaginary speck of dust from his immaculate lounge suit and continued drumming nervously on the polished mahogany table.

As they sat for some minutes in silence he took careful stock of his companion, who lay sprawled in an armchair by the fire, dozing gently. Not, thought Lord Sheringham, an attractive countenance. An ugly scar ran down the left cheek, while the corners of the thin-lipped mouth drooped maliciously; the close-cropped head turned on a great, red, bull neck, from which departed such a pair of shoulders as only padding and a good tailor can usually produce. For the rest the man was negligible, inconsequent; an execrable suit, worse shoes, and hands like a butcher. It was distressing to have to employ such a man, but at his own game he was without equal. The most skilled safe-cracker on either side of the Atlantic, without a shadow of doubt.

Lord Sheringham smiled to himself. To think that this was Jake Murphy, whose name he had seen so frequently in the headlines of the New York papers as he sat in the lounge of the Pennsylvania.

Amusing to think that he should be sitting with him in the dining-room of Mellersh Manor, which alone of his "desirable country residences" remained unsold. If everything went well it would remain unsold indefinitely, too. All creditors paid off, and then a fair amount to spare.

A few weeks, perhaps, in Monte Carlo .The man by the fire grunted and sat up.

"He ain't come yet, then?" he inquired slowly.

"No." Lord Sheringham felt faintly annoyed at being roused from his pleasant day-dream. Seeing his companion relax once more, he tried to recapture his happy mood. Monte Carlo...he thought. Then suddenly he felt his pulse quicken. Before that could be attained there was the removal of this Murphy fellow. He turned his scheme over and over to find a possible flaw. But no. It must work. It is unusual to suspect peers of murder, and in any case this man was better out of the way. It was almost a social duty to kill him on sight.

The young man glanced at the decanter on the sideboard. He rehearsed the whole procedure for the hundredth time. He only hoped Adelmann would go as soon as the business had been transacted. Then he would say:

"Well, Murphy, that's finished that. I hope you're quite satisfied? What about a spot of whisky before we part?"

"Sure," the other man would say, "you cain't have enough of it." Then a laugh. No, he wouldn't join him. Liver and what not. Another pleasantry.

Then Murphy would drink it. In less than fifty seconds he would be dead. Now came the grim part. To put a couple of shots into the dead man. Disorder the room. Send for the police. Attempted robbery . Oh, yes. The whole thing was too simple.

He heard a car pull up in the drive. Thank God Adelmann had come. He went out to meet him.

The little Jew trotted into the dining-room in front of the young man, chattering volubly. Mr. Jake Murphy was stretching his legs in front of the fire.

"You was so late I'd gotta hunch you was double-crossing, Mister Adelmann," he grinned.

"For why?" The little man shrugged his shoulders. "Der chauffeur was stubid, and——"

"Anyway, we are all here now, so let us get to business, gentlemen." The voice of the young man sounded strangely determined.

Placing a reading-lamp and a box of cigars on the table, he plunged the rest of the room in darkness. Only the firelight flickered on the ceiling. The strange trio seated itself round the table, and Lord Sheringham reached for a cigar. As he lit it he watched his two guests.

The sallow face of the jeweler, hiding behind his great horn-rimmed spectacles, betrayed no emotion. A good poker face, he thought. As he turned to the American, he found him watching Adelmann, his eyes narrowed to little slits.

Leaning forward slightly, Lord Sheringham spoke. "It is scarcely necessary, my friends, to recall the last occasion on which we met here, some three weeks ago, on the termination of the active part of what I think we may now call our successful coup. Sufficient time has now elapsed, I fancy, for this case to be added to the long list of unsolved mysteries in the annals of the English police.

"You will remember also that the price agreed upon for the subject of our enterprise by Mr. Adelmann was $1,000,000 of which a quarter of a million dollars, is for Mr. Murphy for services rendered, and the residue for myself. Is that correct, gentlemen?"

The other two nodded silently. Sheringham resumed.

"The exchange will take place, as agreed, here and tonight. To effect this we must open the safe behind me." He glanced over his shoulder at a cleverly concealed safe at the side of the fireplace. "I must ask each of you to produce that part of the written combination he received when we were last here. I trust nobody has had the misfortune to mislay his slip, since that would necessitate the professional assistance of Mr. Murphy, who I am sure has neither the time nor the necessary instruments." The young man laughed hoarsely. His handsome face was animated now, and as he laughed the light from the solitary lamp in the middle of the table contrived to distort his features, making him look more absurdly youthful than ever. He placed a slip of paper on the table.

The men on either side each placed a similar one beside it, neither uttering a word, giving the whole procedure something of a ritual atmosphere.

"Perhaps Mr. Murphy will be good enough to work the combination as I read it out?"

Mr. Murphy rose from the table.

"Sure I will," he said, and stooped down to the safe by the fire.

The sixth Viscount Sheringham moved the three pieces of paper together to form the one from which they had been originally cut on that table three weeks before.

"Three times forty-eight, right." His voice sounded strange, excited. Slowly he read through the list of combinations, while from behind him came the click of the lock. The outer safe swung open, revealing another within. The young man read on, while the jeweler methodically stripped the band from a second cigar. Another minute and they heard the inner safe open and Murphy exclaim, "They ain't got lost again yet. No sir."

He stood up, placed a little black velvet bag on the table, and sat down once more. Adelmann reached across and untied the black strings.

In a second a blaze of light appeared in the center of the table, as the rays of the lamp fell upon the five finest blue-white diamonds in the world, beside which the Cullinan appeared paste, and to which the usual pigeons-egg simile was a sad understimate.

"It was woith de risk to see hunks like that," said Mr. Murphy.

The dealer's eyes sparkled behind his spectacles.

"Vat a pity I shall haf to cut dem," he remarked.

Lord Sheringham did not speak. Perhaps he was thinking of Monte Carlo.

Mr. Adelmann produced a bulging note-case and placed it on the table beside him. "Der agreed price is here," he said, and pushed it towards the stones.

Mr. Murphy got up and stretched a hand across the table. "Guess we can shake and call it a night," he said.

M. August Adelmann looked up and started to reach the hand extended towards him. Suddenly there was a sharp report. The little jeweler crumpled up and pitched sideways on the floor, shot through the heart. In the meaty hand on the table Lord Sheringham remarked a small automatic, with a few wisps of blue smoke still escaping from the barrel.

Fear caught at his throat and made him speechless for a moment. He might have known Murphy would do something like that. But hitherto he had only read about him in the papers. Now he was confronted with the man, his methods seemed almost incredible. He had not allowed for this in his scheme of things. His heart still thumping, he realized he must still play the English aristocrat.

"Wasn't that rather unnecessary?" he heard his voice quavering. "I think you have complicated matters a trifle."

Mr. Murphy turned towards him and replaced the weapon on his hip.

"Sooicide," he remarked simply. "This house is more'n a half-mile from anywhere and the river ain't far. He kin spend the night under water." He smiled and sat down.

(How queer his scar looks when he smiles thought the young man.) "The assets of this li'l firm on the death of one partner is now over a million dollars cash and certain goods readily convertible into a similar amount. He ain't the only guy who kin cut diamonds." So saying, Mr. Murphy bit the end of another cigar and spat in the fire.

As he was speaking Lord Sheringham made a quick mental calculation. He would rather, he concluded, risk blackmail from this man than trial by his peers for a double murder. Anyway he hadn't had much practice at disposing of corpses. Better let Murphy clear the thing up by himself. He evidently knew how.

"I suppose you're right," he said. "Better get the suicide outside right away."

He bent down, picked up the poker, and started to rake out the fire. He was actually aware that the man in the chair was watching him closely. He went on scraping at the embers.

Mr. Murphy's red hand slipped round to his hip-pocket. On the sureness of his aim depended his retirement from professional safe-cracking for good. He wasn't going to miss this time.

He didn't.

The sixth Viscount Sheringham perished ingloriously, shot in the back by an American gunman.

"Two sooicides," murmured Mr. Murphy, and placed the pistol in his pocket.

Glancing at the clock, he gathered up the note-case and the diamonds from the table, carefully emptied all the ashtrays and arranged the chairs. Taking a handful of cigars, he was about to place the box on the sideboard when his eye fell upon the cutglass decanter with the friendly syphon beside it. It was too much for a man of Mr. Murphy's temperament to resist. He poured himself out a stiff drink, walked back across the room, gazed down at the dead men, and silently drank. His hand was already on the decanter to mix another when he felt hot, stifled. He clutched at his throat, trying to tear off his collar. But, as the late Lord Sheringham had supposed, the potion worked like a charm; in less than one minute Mr. Murphy was dead.

Murphy Poured a Stiff Drink, Walked Back Across the Room, Gazed Down at the Dead Men, and Silently Drank....

Like the Hollywood Stars...

Wallace Beery without a make-up, refreshing himself with ice-cold Coca-Cola as he contemplates another star part. See him in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "West Point of the Air."

M-G-M's famous studio soda fountain between scenes during the filming of the super picture "The Merry Widow", featuring Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald.

You do better work when *the pause that refreshes* plays a part

They work hard in Hollywood. To do so they make a pause really count. Behind scenes and between acts, they make it *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola . . . . with life and sparkle that go quickly into energy . . . . with wholesome refreshment that keeps you feeling fit for what's ahead. And you, in your busy day, like the Hollywood stars . . . . will do better work when *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola plays a part.

Robert Montgomery, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's famous star, now appearing in "Vanessa", and his specially designed cooler for Coca-Cola which can be wheeled right to the set for *the pause that refreshes* between scenes.

Good Housekeeping Bureau

Coca-Cola is a pure, wholesome drink of natural products, with no artificial flavor or coloring . . . complying with pure food laws all over the world.

5¢

Under the able direction of George Seitz, lovely Virginia Bruce and handsome Ricardo Cortez, take "time out" between exciting scenes of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's production of "Shadow Of Doubt".

COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

The Glorious Gamble

by Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

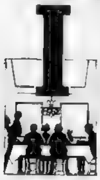
LONGING to see a side of life she knows nothing about and perhaps capture a brief adventure, Barrie Rowann drags [illegible] Archie Wellington, her escort, away from the New Year's dance at the [illegible] Meadowland Country Club to the Cherry Dragon, a new [illegible] in Chinatown.

There, Barrie is attracted by Michael Brand, a mysterious [illegible] watching the crowd [illegible] finesse, and dances with h[illegible]. With arrogant authority he leads her out of the place through a secret passage in time to escape [illegible] raid.

[illegible] at the Cherry Dragon that night is Sascha Reynolds, beautiful and [illegible] stenographer in the office [illegible] elder brother [illegible]

CHAPTER XI.

"You Cannot Repeat a Dream"



IN the evening Pendleton Ross and Lee came to dine with the Rowanns, but during the meal no reference was made to Barrie's escapade of New Year's Eve, nor to the appearance of Miss Sascha Reynolds at the Meadowland Club.

Barrie knew that the latter affair would be hushed up, because Pendleton Ross had cut in publicly several times upon the little blonde stranger.

It made her sick to realize these things. It was so shallow. There were such wrong values. Inflation where there should be none.

After dinner she moved restlessly about the living room while the family made up the usual table for contract. She had given orders that she was not at home, not to be called to the telephone and she had refused several invitations. To do the usual things, she felt just then, would have driven her to the edge of hysteria.

As she lay on the huge couch before the fire she fully realized what had happened to her. Life had gone [illegible]. It was all Michael Brand's fault. Why had her father lied regarding him? She must find out. Was this love? Was she never to know peace again? She told herself that she would after she found out about him, and believed this—so virgin was her heart and so untried her emotions.

Something Michael had said himself kept recurring to her.

"Anyone here can tell you all about me. Tell you you could go to China with me and be safe." Well, there were so many countless things which could end this for a girl like her, if she could only know. But sitting there dreaming of him before the fire was not one.

It was a gamble. Life was a gamble. She had seen this for years. Would she scramble it up as Lee had done?

She roused and glanced at her sister, sitting with her thin young body bent over the card table, her picked dark brows drawn together, the two sharp bones beside the hollow of her throat making a deep resting place for the priceless ruby which Pendleton had given her for Christmas.

What was there for Lee? She was done.

Her father was speaking to her mother: "I must remind you again, my dear, that with me, two is always a demand bid." His voice was edged with acid. Lee raised weary brows. Pendleton rose, poured himself another drink, his thoughts obviously elsewhere.

Suddenly the jade clock beside Barrie ticked out that time was flying. Youth was slipping.

The card players were absorbed. Why make explanations? They would not ask where she was. She had her own dates. They were, of course, supposed to be proper dates, open for inspection.

In her own apartment Barrie threw off her dinner dress and got into a simple little gray knitted thing. She was gambling now with fate, staking a great deal on one throw. She was going alone to the Cherry Dragon.

This time she would take a taxi. She would not risk sending for her car. . . .

At last, in the distance, the flickering lights of the Cherry Dragon and Barrie's pulses began to hammer. Did women go there alone?

The hat-check girl smiled into Barrie's questioning eyes.

"Yes, ladies come alone. Gentlemen come alone. Some nice fellow will dance with you."

Barrie felt a little nauseated, but the more nauseated the better. She had come there to sicken herself.

But inside of her as she followed a Chinese waiter to a table, there seemed to be a girl holding out her arms to something and pleading not to become a Lee Ross.

The smoke was thick and the scent of sandalwood pungent. The center of the floor was writhing with figures intertwined, uncertain in the nebulous atmosphere. The orchestra moaned and sighed and swayed; the drum was a glowing ruby.

Her gray-gloved fingers played with the needle-point bag on her knees, and her eyes went on an eager quest for Michael Brand.

She did not see him nor did she see Sascha. No, Sascha aspired to the Meadowland Club. They were both fools. Both asking for another deal, not satisfied with the cards they held.

She would wait until she felt sure Michael would not come. But she could not sit there forever. Men everywhere we staring at her. She flushed with annoyance.

At last, her heart sick, she started to rise, when suddenly it was useless. Michael himself had entered the dance room, was standing alone in the doorway, in every line of him that feline grace, that bored indifference which had at once fired Barrie Rowann.

She bent forward, her breath catching, her eyes drinking him in. Deep within her consciousness somewhere an alarm sounded. An enormous fear engulfed her. Something took possession of her which she had never felt before. It choked her and flushed her delicate face. It hastened her heart and shook her nerves. It was delight and terror; panic and ecstasy. But was it love?

There was nothing to answer her. No one she knew could have told her. They were only pawns on the chessboard of life.

But suddenly she was terribly alive and once more her eyes called to Michael Brand and, turning slowly, he saw her.

His amazed gaze swept her like a caress, and she nodded and smiled. And for the second time he came to her across that crowded enchanted floor and her hand was in his firm brown clasp and every nerve in her body responded to his touch.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"You'd never guess," said Barrie, smilingly happily.

Her lifted eyes were for a moment drowned in his and his cool scrutiny did not kill their fire.

"Did you come alone?" asked Michael, and sat down beside her.

"Yes," said Barrie. "Isn't that better than bringing the boy I was with the other night?"

"You should not come to this place," said Brand gravely. "You cannot be seen here."

"I am not a child," pouted Barrie.

"I should say you were very much of a child," said Brand amusedly. "Otherwise you would not be here."

There was pain in his face now, a sadness she had noted on New Year's Eve and he was distinctly displeased with her. But she could not let him go. Here was the one man for her.

"I came back," said Barrie then simply, "to learn what I could about you."

"About me?" Michael flashed into a smile then, honestly amused.

"Yes, my New Year's Eve adventure," said Barrie softly. "The mystery about you intrigues me. You are not in the telephone book. And Sascha Reynolds cannot tell me anything about you."

Rowann Was Upon Them Almost Before Glee Could Utter Her Warning.

"Do you know Sascha Reynolds?" asked Michael in honest amazement.

"She is stenographer for my friends, the Wellingtons," said Barrie bravely. "It was Archie Wellington who brought me here New Year's Eve. That is, he came with me. He was fool enough to take Sascha to the Country Club on New Year's Day and I asked her about you."

"But why?" asked Michael simply.

Barrie spread her two slim hands, beautiful hands with one black pearl on the little finger of the left one.

"Who can say?" she asked. "I felt I must know. You torment me. If I know, well, perhaps I shall go calmly back to where I belong and stay there and you will remain just my New Year's Eve adventure."

"Not then," said Michael gently. "Not after you know all about me. Leave it as it is. You cannot repeat a dream."

Some little pulse began to beat in the girl's slim throat.

"Then you are not going to tell me?" she asked.

"No," smiled Brand, "and I forbid you to ask."

"But—" she was angry and bewildered now.

"It is nothing dishonorable," said Brand quickly, then: "I should not have waltzed with you if it were. But let it be. Do not come here again."

Barrie looked about the dusky room, at the Chinese waiters slithering about, the glowing drum, the girl who sang through her nose on the stage, her body undulating. Looked and wondered what held her to this exotic, tawdry, alluring place and came back to the eyes of the man who watched her intently. And knew what held her.

Did he know who she was? There was a picture of her on her father's desk at the bank which, if it had not been hidden behind papers when Michael was there—

"Very soon now you must go home," said Michael.

"Is this such a dreadful place?" Self-will looked at him then from behind the heavy fringe of Barrie's eyes.

"For you, yes."

"Do you own it?" she flashed.

"No."

"Do you have anything to do with it?"

"Not a thing."

Relief shivered through her. That was something. But she had not found out the thing she hoped to—that Michael Brand was not a man whom Barrie Rowann could possibly dream about.

And then without warning she saw Glee Harbison. She would have known Glee anywhere although it was two years since they had met. Three years since she had paced down the aisle of a certain beautiful church with her arms filled with flowers and her seventeen-year-old ears filled with the throbbing chords of Glee Harbison's wedding march.

Barrie had been the kid in that exclusive procession. She had sat at her window half the night thinking of that wedding and of the bride and the groom and feeling sorry for Barrie Rowann. And now here was Glee in the Cherry Dragon, her helmet of black hair framing the same oval ivory tinted face, her mouth like the petals of some tropical flower.

Glee was with a man and she was not in evening dress. No, she wore a dark fur coat, smooth and sleek, with an opulent collar of black fox. Clothes always looked well on Glee.

And she saw Barrie and for a moment those two looked at each other, eyes alight, and something clicked between them. Glee was stooping suddenly over the table where Barrie sat, was brushing Barrie's hot cheek with delicately tinted lips, was speaking to Brand, "Hullo, Michael!"

The man behind Glee was lighting a cigarette. Barrie saw a lithe well set up figure, hair slightly gray, a finely cut face. A gentleman.

"Barrie, for gracious sake, what are you doing here?" gasped Mrs. Harbison. "I thought I was the only scapegoat in the silk lined lot!"

Glee knew Michael. Delight ran through Barrie. She could wait—now. Luck had played into her hands.

"I get away now and then," she told Glee as her beautiful eyes triumphed over Michael as he stood moodily watching her.

The man behind Glee nodded at Michael, too. Barrie with her feet on solid ground.

But Michael was speaking gravely.

"I wonder if you will see that Miss Rowann reaches her car and gets out of this?" he asked Glee. "She is here alone and she should not be here at all. I have an appointment. You will have to excuse me."

He knew her name. Perhaps he had known it all along. But he was going. He was leaving her and he did not expect to see her again!

Barrie, watching him with parted lips, amazement and anger, could scarcely believe what she saw as he held her desperate gaze for a moment with his dark intent eyes, and turning swiftly, threaded his way through the dancers to the door.

Such rudeness. Such indifference offered to Barrie Rowann! She panted with anger. But suddenly it left her. This was his medicine. He fancied this sort of treatment would cure a spoiled beauty like herself of any further desire to annoy him!

Turning swiftly to Glee she saw Mrs. Harbison looking after Michael with a frozen expression. But it was not that gentleman's abrupt departure which had caused this. No. It was the rapidly approaching figure of her father, Roger Rowann!

"Kid," said Glee to Barrie hastily, "I don't know which will accomplish your ruin the quicker, my leaving you here alone or standing by!"

There was little time to choose. Rowann was upon them almost before Glee could utter her warning. He paid no attention whatsoever to Glee and her escort.

"Come, Barrie," he said and no more.

A desire to laugh took alarming possession of Barrie. The sight of her correct father on the floor of the Cherry Dragon was

(Continued on Page 19)

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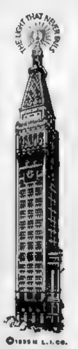
THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

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The Glorious Gamble

Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

(Continued from Page 18)

almost too much. But instead of laughing she spoke with perfect self possession.

"Father, you remember Glee Harbison?"

"Of course," Rowann bowed [illegible].

"My friend, Mr. Curtis," said Glee then, for the first time mentioning the name of the silent handsome man who stood behind her. "Mr. and Miss Rowann. Barrie was one of my bridesmaids, Herbert. She went to school with me."

Mr. Curtis bowed and no more. He did not seem excited because he had met the great Roger Rowann.

Barrie placed her cool hand in Glee's while her father, frowningly examining the check which lay beside her untouched food, slapped down a bill upon it and took her elbow possessively.

"I shall come to see you soon, Glee," said Barrie.

"Do," urged Glee warmly. "I have a little shop in the Village. Antiques. Old jewelry. I'm doing well. Here, wait a moment."

Digging in the flat purse she carried she produced a card and pressed it in Barrie's hand.

"Come soon," she nodded and Barrie was taken from the enticing dance floor by her silent, determined parent.

As Barrie looked back and drew into her fine nostrils the delectable odor of hot food, perfumes, tobacco smoke combined with the ever burning sandalwood, she discovered what had happened to her. She had a creed of freedom and did not know it.

Once she had heard a very serious woman lecture on this subject to a hall filled with young people. No restraint. Instinct given its head. The daring doctrine had been clothed in silken words and draped in ladylike phrases and had caused a great stir, but Barrie had thought it pretty fine.

And this was what she was doing, she thought as she went with her father to the car where Jacques sat in his plum colored livery and black leggings, stiffly erect. She had followed her instinct in coming to this place where she could always find Michael Brand. She must continue to come. She could not help it.

"The doorman told me where your taxi had taken you," said Roger Rowann as the big car sped contemptuously from the neighborhood of the radiant Cherry Dragon. "What made you do such a thing? I do not expect you to answer me."

"No," said Barrie. "You wouldn't understand."

"I don't doubt it," said Rowann frigidly. "I have nothing more to say on the subject. We sail, your mother and you and myself, on the Alartic tomorrow night at midnight. Pack your bags, Barrie. I have made all arrangements. I shall see you safely on the other side where you will remain for some months. I am returning myself at once. The banking situation here is too unstable for me to remain away."

"Sail for where, for heaven's sake?" demanded Barrie sitting upright with an angry jerk.

"For Cherbourg," replied her father. "Your mother has planned a delightful trip."

This was the last thing Barrie had expected. Her father must be horribly afraid of something. And that something must be Michael Brand. It could be nothing and no one else. He had pitted himself against her, knowing her dogged will, so like his own, so unlike her mother and Lee.

"You must understand, Barrie, that you bear a fine old name and possess a high position," went on the cold, emotionless voice. "You must make no mistakes. You are my child."

"Can it be possible that you are taking me abroad because I ran off to look at the Cherry Dragon?" asked Barrie hotly. "I am twenty. What are you afraid of?"

Roger Rowann was silent until the car stopped at the door of the apartment house and then he looked at his daughter with icy indifference as he assisted her to alight.

"I am not a person who is afraid of anything," he said, and with her head very high and the hot fierce fires of frank rebellion burning in her cheeks, Barrie gathered her furs about her and walked past him to the elevators.

"It is Michael," said Barrie to herself as the satin lined jewel box lifted her swiftly to the duplex apartment of the Rowanns. "But I won't be wrapped up and shipped off at a moment's notice like this!"

CHAPTER XII.

"Visitors on Shore, Please!"

TWENTY minutes before sailing time....

Layers of brilliant lights reaching high into a star-spangled night were the decks of the great ship Alartic leaving for Cherbourg at midnight. Only the narrow covered gangway, striped in gay colors, seemed to link the vast floating palace with the shore, seemed to hold it against its eager will, from the high glorious adventure of the seas.

Sailing at midnight.

To so many the thrill of a lifetime. The adventure of adventures. The goal of too long penurious years.

To Barrie Rowann it was something [illegible]. The [illegible] attendants [illegible], the shaded lights, the flowers, candy, fruit—she saw none of it. She saw the core of [illegible] that was the slim, too slim, gangway connecting the great liner with the shore, connecting her with something she had just found and could not leave, dared not leave.

The boisterous crowd of her friends had departed, although a few of her father's business associates still lingered for a last word.

Barrie did not know what had happened to her, but while it was misery and agony, it was life, and living is not always happy. Anger woke hotly from the cold trance which had held her since she had left her father the night before at the entrance of their apartment. Still wearing her sables, Barrie stood before the wardrobe trunk and the heavy bags with determination warring with fading indecision in her lovely face.

Her own father was famous for his quick, unerring decisions. Could she not for the first time make one for herself? He had gambled again and again, and won a fortune.

Through the great ship gongs suddenly trembled. Faintly Barrie heard the cry she knew well, "Visitors on shore, please!"

It must be now if it was to be at all.

And suddenly she reached into the maze of luggage, seized a week-end bag and a smart brown bag she had packed herself, caught a glimpse in a mirror of her flushed face, her starry eyes.

People were going ashore. The corridors were filled with confusion. Laughter. Voices broken with tears. Throbbing with delight. Anticipation.

There was great excitement everywhere now. Noise. The boom of the gongs. "Visitors on shore, please!"

One slim girl in sables, head bent, carrying two bags, slipped through the crowds unnoticed, yet a short time before she had endured reporters and flashlights and stares. This always happened when her father went anywhere.

How delightful it was to slip along like this! She had not decided any too soon, for preparations were being made to cast loose as Barrie joined the last departing group of visitors who were moving down the gangway.

What would her father say when he found the note she had left for him? A brief little note, proclamation of war. "I am going ashore. Will stop with friends. Write you later."

Snuggled deep in her furs, Barrie joined the crowds under the customs shed, clutching her two bags, watching the vanishing gangway, the slow moving of the vast lighted palace, the waving handkerchiefs, hats and hands all about her.

Strings of gay confetti linked the great liner with the shore, but they snapped one after another as the ship moved on, and Barrie, watching, felt that just as lightly and easily she was being severed from her old life, the things which until then had held her, and yet had always seemed so strangely insufficient.

She was alone. It was after midnight. Her father's millions, his influence, nothing could stand in the way of the things she meant to do.

Here she was, and she felt comfortable now. There was peace in her heart. Turning from the moving brilliance of the Alartic she pushed through the crowd and sought a taxi. To the driver she gave the address on the card she took from her pocketbook and sank back in a corner of the cab as it wove out into traffic.

The die was cast. Barrie stared out into the brightly lighted streets feeling for the first time one with the milling crowds who linked arms along the sidewalks, stared into shop windows, darted before her taxi.

Her family's money and social position had walled her in from all of this, from all that could truly rouse a man or a woman to worthwhile struggle, attainment, desire, frustrations. But she, Barrie, had torn it down now, this wall. Had worked loose a few of the stones in this haughty breastwork and stepped out into the public highway!

There was one name in gold across the window of the garishly colored little shop. Just "Glee." The lights of the small [illegible] square where the little shop stood fell brightly upon it. Beside the shop door, painted a grass green there was another door, also painted grass green. This door sported a massive knocker.

Over the shop and both doors was an apartment with lighted windows.

Dismissing her chauffeur, Barrie lifted the brass knocker and a peal of bells sounded behind the grass green door.

If Glee was not at home she could go to a hotel until morning. She had some money in the bank, not much, but some. More each month unless her father stopped her allowance. This, though, did not cause Barrie to faint. She had run from her dependence on her father.

The grass-green door opened. It merely clicked and swung back and Barrie, carrying her bags, stepped in and closed it behind her.

At the end of a narrow hall carpeted deeply in green, a flight of [illegible] the top.

At the top of the stairs she was confronted by another door, plain white this time, and as she reached it Glee Harbison flung it open.

Glee was wearing a [illegible] colored robe over [illegible] pajamas. Her great, dark eyes took in Barrie [illegible].

"Holy smoke!" she said.

"Can you put me up for the night?" asked Barrie. "I've run away from the Alartic. Father was taking me abroad."

Glee enfolded Barrie in an embrace which smelled like a Springtime garden and drew her into a long, wide living room where logs burned in a fireplace that took up one end of it. Brilliant satin and velvet cushions of enormous size were piled like a small divan before it.

Barrie looked about.

So this was how Glee Harbison lived, running her own shop, her own apartment, her own life! Was it, after all, better than the things she had envied the white clad bride on her wedding night, sitting long by her window? She was here to find out.

"I'll explain when I get my hat and coat off," said Barrie, as she followed Glee from the room.

"Not necessary," said Glee. "I'm too darned glad to see you."

Barrie set down her bags and admired the little bedroom which was to be hers. All yellow and blue. Chintz. Painted wood.

"Why, I never saw such an adorable place!" she cried, her cheeks flushed with excitement.

"Oh, this is just odds and ends I saved out for myself," shrugged Glee. "I know a woman who really does decorating—but wait until you get your things off. I'm [illegible] you. There are so many things I must know."

"Oh!" said Barrie. "I love it! How warm and charming this is!"

"You may as well take out all of your stuff," said Glee as Barrie lifted pajamas and lounging robe from her bag. "You won't get away from me for a while. I'm simply starved to see one of the crowd. What made you cut the foreign tour? What will your father say?"

B[illegible] freedom [illegible].

"I [illegible]. No [illegible] before."

"Well, you [illegible] pleased to hear about it."

[illegible] with a long breath, and Glee busied herself about the coffee percolator, watching her guest curiously.

"Are you [illegible] or were you being taken to one?" asked Mrs. Harbison presently when both girls were drinking coffee and Barrie had torn her wistful gaze from the fire. "It has to be one or the other."

"No, no," said Barrie dreamily. "I am going after a job."

"A what?"

Mrs. Harbison's pomegranate mouth dropped open in amazement.

"Why did you come here, Glee, and start this shop?" asked Barrie steadily.

"Oh, well, Bartley and I had crashed," replied Mrs. Harbison vaguely. "The old routine got impossible for me. I guess I wanted to do something. The desire for self-expression, I suppose."

Suddenly Barrie remembered there had been talk of a man in Glee's life. But it had been as faint as a trail of smoke drawn across the beautiful picture she carried in her heart of the gleaming white bride on Bartley Harbison's arm.

As she looked about the little apartment Barrie felt ashamed of herself and the girls who had cut Glee from their lives. This had been [illegible] of her, for she had not accepted alimony from Bartley Harbison. The very fact that she had been too proud and too brave to accept his money had given rise to that rumor.

"We have all been rotten to you, Glee," she said, contritely, "and now I've come here at night and asked for shelter. But I can't stay unless I tell you why I did this apparently nervy thing. You [illegible], I've got to know about Michael Brand."

And then Barrie, gravely [illegible] with Michael Brand.

"And so," she finished, "I [illegible] to know. And [illegible] I wish to do something, Glee, something [illegible] the day [illegible]. I'm fed up with [illegible]. But I'm not trained for anything. What can I do?"

[illegible] Glee felt that she did not know women.

"I'm no end sorry," she said gently. "I can't tell you anything about Michael Brand."

"Not—anything?" Barrie was breathless with shock, a definitely sick sensation creeping over her.

"Oh, I know as much as most people. He comes here. But what he does, why he hangs about the places he frequents, what his interests are, who his family is, I cannot say. He has an apartment not far from here. No one I know has ever seen it. He simply does not ask anyone there. He must have some money, for he drives a good car. Let him alone, Barrie. If he called on your father then your father can tell you about him."

"He won't," said Barrie gloomily, and then with sudden [illegible] she sprang up. "Well, I'm going to bed, Glee. Running away from my family takes effort."

Glee walked across to Barrie and took the [illegible] into the clasp of her two strong hands.

"Kid," she said fondly, "stay here awhile. No man could make a fine little trick like you do what you did tonight unless he [illegible] how, himself. I'll [illegible] Michael over tomorrow night with some friends. They are people you will like, solid and substantial and who know how to do things. [illegible]

[illegible] Out of the distance sounds of the city disturbed the quiet of the lovely, warm little room. Strange to be [illegible] the heart of her great city [illegible] above it, too far to know that it had a heart, to feel the pulse of it. But tonight she was very close.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Pearls of Chinchorro

by Herbert Jensen

The Struggle for a Priceless Legacy at the Bottom of the Sea

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CLIFF BELLEW, a young naturalist in search of rare specimens, takes passage for the Caribbean islands on Captain Tharp's schooner the Carib Girl. [illegible]

Cliff is rescued, unconscious, by Louisa and Juanito, two young Mexicans attached to the Cr[illegible] of Dr. Sansetin, a benevolent [illegible] serving the Indians. [illegible]

Again Caroline Fired. The Helmsman on the Carib Girl Leaped Away From the Wheel and Scrambled Toward the Open Hatch.

CHAPTER III.

Tharp Returns.

HOLDING the pistol firmly, Caroline looked bitterly at Cliff.

"Explain?" she repeated. "What is there to exp—"

Suddenly Louisa stood between them. "She theenk," the mestiza girl told Cliff, "that you keel her father."

Cliff swung his feet to the floor. "Good heaven! Killed her father? What are you talking about?"

"You know what I'm talking about!" Caroline cried, half hysterically. "I found my father dying. The cabin was ransacked. You—"

Louisa broke in with her soft voice. She said:

"Caroline, she go up the beach in the small boat and come back and find some one have stab—" She looked commiseratingly at the other girl. "Some men have come and—"

"Some men!...it was he! His wallet was on the floor—"

"My wallet...and my cards in it, of course?" Cliff broke in grimly.

Caroline stared at him. She moistened her lips and nodded.

"Another count against Captain Tharp," murmured Cliff grimly. He threw out his arm in a sudden gesture. "Caroline believe me...I never saw your father in my life. I was never on this boat before! I couldn't have killed him. Can't you see? can't you understand? Louisa can tell you that what I say is true!

"Listen. I was knocked out, robbed and thrown off the Carib Girl a couple of nights ago. Louisa and some friend of her found me in the sea and brought me to the island where you anchored the ketch. I tell you, you must believe me. I didn't do that thing. They left my wallet aboard to throw suspicion on me. We'll find Tharp...blast it, if it's the last thing I do in this world I'll find that smiling savage and tear the truth—"

His words stopped abruptly as Caroline descended into the cabin. While he spoke her eyes had been wide; now they looked suddenly tired. Tears misted the blue under the long lashes; her lips trembled.

The anger against Cliff that had buoyed her seemed suddenly to vanish. Her shoulders drooped; she became instantly a sad little girl bereft, and forlorn. Cliff arose to his feet; he made an unconscious gesture toward her. He said, huskily:

"Miss Caroline . . . I'll find Tharp, and—"

Her mouth trembled, tears flooded her eyes. Whirling she ascended the ladder and disappeared through the hatchway. Louisa looked toward Cliff. Her face was sober.

"It is always sad," she said softly, "to lose someone you love."

Cliff nodded grimly. "Go topside," he said gruffly, his mind still picturing Caroline's stricken face, "and stay with her. She needs someone..."

He washed his hands and face in the tiny lavatory and in a few minutes ascended to the deck. The two girls stood forward of the deck house, Louisa's arm around the waist of Caroline. Cliff noted that the dingey floated astern, but between the davits on the port side was a canvas-wrapped object the shape of which was pathetically significant.

The ketch Cristina—the name was lettered on a life-ring that hung on the after panel of the cabin—lay at anchor a few yards from the beach within a little harbor that was perhaps a half mile in diameter. A fringe of thatch-roofed houses of stone appeared amid a scattered grove of coco-palms.

A dozen undecked boats of various sizes—although none was so large as the Cristina—were drawn up upon the beach. Grouped about them were clusters of people—perhaps half a hundred in all—dressed in unrelieved white. The women were bareheaded, the men wore limp straw hats.

As Cliff watched, several of the men began to drag the boats into the water. There were cries of alarm and some subdued laughter as the men knee deep carried the women to the now floating boats and placed them within.

Caroline stood beside Cliff. She placed her hand on his arm.

"Mr. Bellew. . . . I'm sorry—"

"That's all right," interrupted Cliff gruffly.

Her face was composed. Only the two spots high upon her cheeks and contrasting with the pallor of the rest of her face betrayed to Cliff that her restraint was no matter of simple effort.

"I wonder if you'd mind, Mr Bellew, to read...to read the service for—" she hesitated slightly and swallowed — "for father. We're going out to sea beyond the island. He...he wanted it so. I'm afraid I wouldn't be able to—"

Cliff saw that her hands tightly clenched a small book against her breast. Her slender fingers whitened.

He took the book from her. It was the Book of Common Prayer.

Cliff felt acutely abashed; yet a deep pity for this frail girl governed him. He said gently:

"Why...of course, Caroline. I...please go forward now with Louisa. Those boats are coming out from shore..."

She joined the other girl. Lifting the cockpit hatch Cliff discovered that he was familiar with the type of engine that was the Cristina's auxiliary power. He set the switch and the throttle and pressed the starter. As the engine began its chugging the first boat bumped alongside.

Brown, sober-faced men clambered aboard and went forward. Chain rattling upon the deck told him that the anchor was being lifted. The remainder of the boats grouped themselves about the Cristina. Lines were passed about. A native youth came aft and stationed himself beside Cliff. Cliff pushed forward the clutch-bar.

The ketch moved ahead. The young native said.

"I am Juanito. Hello. How do you do?"

Cliff answered his flashing grin with a smile. "Can you steer, Juanito?"

"Sure, senor," answered the boy.

"Good. Take the wheel. I'll look to the engine."

Juanito guided the craft out of the harbor. The native boats trailed behind, each secured to the other with short tow-lines, the foremost fastened to the Cristina. They rounded the saw-toothed rocks at the northern end of the island and headed out into the blue sea. The island diminished behind them.

The sun was molten gold where it was cupped in the azure hollows of the long swells that passed beneath their keel. Gulls wheeled above. A lovely day, but sad, thought Cliff as he stared somberly at the canvas bundle between the davits. The little procession rose and dipped toward the horizon. . .

Cliff was brought from his reverie by something Juanito said to him.

"What is it, Juanito?" he asked idly.

The boy pointed to the left—somewhat northwest of their course. There was a haze on the horizon in that direction. At first Cliff thought Juanito was suggesting that a squall was brewing. At this season and in these latitudes hatfulls of wind had potential hurricanes behind them.

"A squall, Juanito?"

"Si, probablemente. But, senor . . . look closer."

Cliff thinned his eyelids. There was a smear of light against the gray haze.

"A sail, Juanito?"

The boy said significantly, "A schooner, senor."

"A schooner?...You have good eyes, Juanito. But what—" He remembered. The Carib Girl was a schooner. After Tharp's depredation, could it be possible that he would linger in these waters?

The smirking skipper of the Carib Girl was ruthless; it was likely too that he was so thorough in his villainy that he was careless of detection. Cliff frowned. He said curtly.

"Shut off the engine. We'll heave-to here. I can't take any chances with the girls aboard. I'm not ready to meet Captain Tharp..." his voice was grim ". . .just yet," he completed softly.

A gust of wind springing out of flat calm caused the Cristina to yaw. Cliff noticed that the occupants of the smaller boats were looking nervously to the north. The horizon was darker now; the sun had a curious halo about it. Oddly there was no sign of the sail.

Visibility was uncertain. It seemed as if the horizons had contracted to encompass this little flotilla. Their preparations were simply and hurriedly made.

As Cliff intoned the words, "'We therefore commit his body to the deep, looking forward for the general Resurrection...'" a sense of unreality overcame him. It was as if he stood apart from himself.

It was not he who was reading the "Service for Burial at Sea" but some stranger; not the well-groomed scientist he knew, but a ragged beachcomber who by some trick of chance was joined with two girls and a boy for the purpose of burying a man he had never seen. This was an unrehearsed scene in some play...

Cliff glanced at Caroline who stood straight, immobile, and staring unseeingly at the circle of small craft. The two men who had assisted with the anchor had gone back to their boat—Louisa and Juanito stood behind him.

Cliff closed the prayer book and laid it on the cabin top. For a moment he paused uncertainly, as if expecting some word from Caroline. But none came. She stood, her shoulder braced against a stay, gazing fixedly away beyond the port bow.

Juanito brushed by him. Sun glinted on bare steel. There was a sigh and a breath of sound from the grouped boats. A rope parted under the boy's steel...a splash, and the melancholy freight disappeared into an upsurging wave.

The Cristina rolled uneasily; an ugly ground swell had begun. The sea seemed like a heavy oil.

Again Cliff glanced at Caroline. It was time to return to the island. Already the small craft were hoisting sail and scattering under a light breeze.

(Continued on Page 21)

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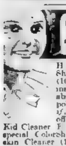

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Pearls of Chinchorro

by Herbert Jensen

(Continued from Page 20)

But the girl had not moved, nor had her gaze varied.

Then Cliff saw what was holding her attention. Drifting down upon them, with sails barely filling under the light wind was Captain Tharp's schooner Carib Girl!

Tharp himself lounged against the stern rail holding in his hand what at the distance appeared to be a pair of binoculars. One of the Jamaican crew was at the wheel. There was no sign of the mate Josey.

Caroline said in almost a trance-like voice, "That is the schooner. Is that Captain Tharp at the rail?"

Cliff muttered, "That's Tharp all right. Caroline, have you a gun aboard—your pistol will do or a rifle?"

Unanswering she brushed by him and went below. Cliff motioned to Louisa to follow her. He said briefly to Juanito, "Better go below, too. I don't like the looks of this. Tharp—"

He set the switch and pressed the starter. The engine began its chugging.

CHAPTER IV.

Escape.

AS the sound of the engine reached across to the schooner there was a certain activity aboard the other craft. Tharp straightened up from the rail. A head—Cliff thought it belonged to the mate Josey — appeared through a hatchway, then ducked below.

The helmsman passed an object to Tharp. It was a megaphone. Tharp lifted it and faintly a call came across the water.

"Stand by! . . . We want to come aboard!"

"You do, do you," Cliff muttered. "I think not." He let in the clutch. The Cristina moved forward, obliquely away from the Carib Girl, heading into the wind. Cliff knew that the schooner had no engine; in this light breeze the little ketch under power could outrun the larger craft. But the wind might strengthen. Already it had freshened considerably.

A glance about told him that the native craft were scattered. Most were out of sight. Captain Tharp ran forward; the gap between the two boats had diminished. Again the megaphone was lifted. Tharp was cursing. Then:

"Heave to! . .or I'll —"

The rest was lost as Cliff accelerated the engine.

"Juanito!" Cliff's voice was sharp. "I told you to get below. That gang aboard there..."

There came a flat report from the schooner. A bullet whined overhead. Cliff pushed Juanito away from the wheel.

Louisa's startled face appeared, she leaped to the deck.

"The sails!" she snapped in Spanish. "Hurry, Juanito!"

Cliff muttered an inarticulate exclamation as the two ran forward.

Again the rifle spoke. Splinters flew from the mast above him. The little engine was roaring valiantly; however, their speed seemed painfully slow. The mainmast sail billowed out; Juanito and Louisa were hauling desperately at the halyards.

Another bullet crashed into the panel next to the hatchway; simultaneously Caroline's face appeared in the opening a foot from where the bullet had hit.

Her face was set, her lips compressed. Two angry spots of color painted her white cheeks; her eyes blazed. She jumped to the deck and slid in beside Cliff; he saw that she carried a rifle. She braced her left shoulder against the mast and threw the rifle butt up against the other. Her slim body jerked with the recoil.

With the startled glance Cliff threw over his shoulder he saw one of the schooner's port lights shatter in a spray of glass. The girl worked the lever. Again she fired.

The helmsman on the Carib Girl leaped away from the wheel and scrambled toward the open hatch. The schooner yawed and fell away from the wind. Captain Tharp kicked at the fleeing helmsman, then jumped for the wheel.

Louisa and Juanito were still forward working the sails and exposed to fire from the schooner. Again Caroline sighted the rifle. Cliff shouted; his voice was hoarse, urgent:

"Take the wheel! Get down in the cockpit! Give me the rifle!"

"No!" she gasped. "They killed my father! Come about! They're still in range!"

Cliff's first instinct was to point toward the schooner; with the impulse a thread of sanity tugged at his brain now inflamed with anger against the men aboard the Carib Girl who had opened fire upon them.

With the boy and girl forward exposed to fire, with Caroline's slim body a target for bullets, he was compelled to get as much space between them and their enemies as he could. He felt no personal reluctance to mix with that crowd, he would have relished it. It was with almost an agony of discipline that he forced his hand to keep the wheel steady and the bow of the Cristina pointed away from the schooner.

"Not now," he said huskily. "[illegible] sailing away from us."

A gust of wind [illegible] the ketch. Sudden [illegible] drummed against the [illegible]. The lines on Cliff's face deepened. The [illegible] a storm.

The rifle in Caroline's hands lowered. A quick glance astern told Cliff that the schooner would soon be out of sight behind the [illegible]. Caroline was looking at him, her face [illegible] oddly [illegible] appeared tired and very young.

The reaction from the encounter had [illegible] filled her eyes. Her head drooped, and [illegible]. The rifle [illegible] deck. Turning, she groped toward the companionway, and disappeared below.

Louisa and [illegible] to come aft. The [illegible] had been set. They [illegible] the mizzen. Cliff shut off the engine. He pointed the craft into the wind as close as he could hold her. A long beat to windward, he thought, would take them far out from here.

Juanito called, his voice pitched above the sound of wind-thrummed rigging:

"The Norther come, maybe! Barometer say so too!"

Cliff frowned. This was no time for a hurricane, or even a heavy blow. They were [illegible] as [illegible] could push the little craft. While they were miles off shore, Cliff knew from his previous sailing experience that they did not have sufficient sea room for any considerable foul weather. If the barometer continued falling they must either stand out to sea and take what came or scud west and hunt some harborage within the reefs.

Cliff doubted if the [illegible] course would be wise. The Cristina [illegible] still a small boat. As for seeking shelter, Cliff knew that the coast was indifferently charted. The chart he had examined [illegible] the day had been [illegible] taken from a B[illegible] [illegible] Pilot [illegible].

Cliff asked Juanito, "How far are we from the coast, boy?"

"An hour or two. Maybe [illegible]." He looked anxious.

"Do you know of any harbors?"

"For small boats, [illegible]," he replied doubtfully. "But for this [illegible]."

Cliff understood. To Juanito, used to dugouts that drew inches of water, this forty foot ketch was [illegible]. Its rather deep keel drew five feet at least. Juanito continued:

"There is a place, if we go through that reef, and over the bar, that is very quiet."

Cliff glanced astern. The sea was rearing itself into an ugly rip. It was not that he doubted that the Cristina could weather a possible hurricane drifting under sea anchor, but the craft was unfamiliar to him, there were too many possibilities for disaster. It was a time to hunt shelter if, indeed, shelter could be found. He took the wheel and ordered Juanito forward to tend the jibs.

As they headed west Louisa's head appeared through the hatchway. The craft was rolling uncomfortably in the trough. The mestiza girl looked with humorous disapproval at Cliff.

"Mister Cleef," she exclaimed, "how am I to make the nice dinner if this boat jomp like the feesh?"

The grim lines on Cliff's face relaxed.

"I guess we don't eat, Louisa. Stay here and talk to me a while."

The smile she gave him aroused again that curious embarrassment he felt toward her.

"Sure," she said, and seated herself [illegible]. "I tell Juanito to pass the pods. He go to sleep when he got no work. Very lazy, that boy."

She [illegible] to Juanito. As he came aft and listened with docile [illegible], Cliff noticed that his gaze clung to Louisa's with a [illegible] beseeching ardor. Cliff [illegible] and his glance followed [illegible] Juanito turned and [illegible].

"He's very much in love with you, Louisa, isn't he?"

She [illegible]. "Hola! That one? He is too yong."

"I'll gamble he's older than you."

"Sure. Two years. But I mean [illegible] in the head."

Cliff chuckled. "You're a good judge, I take it?" he murmured.

"Sure. That is why I like you [illegible]."

Cliff [illegible]. "Thank you," [illegible] instantly. "Ah [illegible] why Tharp wanted to come aboard?"

He [illegible] for [illegible] his desire to [illegible] from Louisa's preferences.

To Cliff's surprise, she nodded briskly. "Tharp [illegible] want the girl, Caroline. Maybe me, too, if he know I'm here," she continued with almost an engaging simplicity. She looked thoughtfully out upon the water for a moment.

"Caroline, though, she don't think so. She tol' me last night that she threenk this Captain Tharp he want that map el doctor have. Tharp don' find it when he rob the other day."

"Map?" questioned Cliff curiously. "What map?"

"For the pearls. Long time ago [illegible] plant [illegible] of oysters along this coast somewhere. Tharp he fin' that out. So he want the map. Those oyster grow up now."

Pearls, and pearl shell? No wonder that opportunist Tharp was taking long chances.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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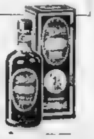

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MORE than 5,000,000 families read THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly.

Visiting Man's Ferocious Relative in the African Jungle

(Continued from Double Page)

man and spare him no annoyance. But that is another story. If in the evening you hear the distant beating of the ncou, the wooden drum which carries men's words to a distance, do not think you have returned to savagery. Listen well to the last phrase and you will hear the ncou say, "Amen, amen, amen." Then it becomes silent. That means that the missionary of the next villige has called his faithful to prayer.

The authors are far away from here. All the same, it is interesting to hear them speak of the gorilla:

"The gorilla hides in the heart of fever-stricken forests, far from mankind. He does not exceed 5 feet 9 inches in height. In the opinion of credible observers, he never attacks without provocation."

They respect him as if he were their father. But for three weeks I have seen plantations devastated, banana trees torn to pieces and people stopped and attacked on the roads by the gorilla. Perhaps passing along a road a few steps from the village constitutes a provocation to the gorilla, but this provocation did not occur "in the heart of the fever-stricken forests." I have heard, or encountered, in three weeks more gorillas than mosquitoes, another thing that the authors had not foreseen. Finally, what had these good people to say about the gorilla of 6 feet 6, and more?

We started out for the village of the gorillas. The animal in making his home at the corner of the village and the road had committed a fatal imprudence. In the first place, he had beaten down one of the banana trees along the road. A boy who had been visiting the nearby swamp gave the alarm. Half an hour later all the able-bodied men in the two villages were there with their spears and their hunting nets. By the side of the road they cut a long corridor into the plantation and the underbrush with their machetes, wide enough so that a man could handle his spear conveniently. The hunting nets were hung to the trees along this corridor ready to catch the gorilla. From the direction of the village a noisy howling crowd advanced slowly toward the invisible gorilla ready to catch him with the net.

I do not wish anyone to accuse me of massacring these poor dear gorillas. The black hunter, who had been lectured on the first day for having fired without sufficient provocation on the mother of Bobo when she was charging from more than 30 feet away, murmured:

"Monsieur, you do not wish me to kill Ngi? Very well. This evening, perhaps, there will be a man dead. You do not know Ngi."

I recognized soon afterward the justice of these words. Meanwhile, it was agreed that the gorilla when discovered should be turned toward me, who was standing 15 feet behind the net. By my side walked the black hunter armed as usual with my rifle. According to the hunter, I did not know Ngi, and had not been thinking of my safety.

But these people are stupid. They are too civilized and little by little they lose the experience of the forest. The gorilla went on from one misleading movement to another. Then cries, roars, and the howl of the dog made us fear for an instant not only the flight of our game, but the death of the dog. Happily she was safe. Nela came up to us full of life, shaking her bell whenever she sat down to scratch herself and struggle against the ants which covered her. Reinforcements came up, bringing all the spears available in the two villages. With great strokes of the machete they made a circle enclosing the gorilla by the side of the road. The latter, who had been silent after his outbreak against the dog, shook a tree from time to time, which enabled us to locate him.

The sun was sinking and it would soon be too late to take a photograph or to use a gun. As to the spears, of what use would they be in the dark brush? We heard beyond the banana trees where the beast was hiding men advancing, cutting through the brush and shouting. Some of our people cried:

"Come along, Ndjileh. You are going to be photographed." Then they advanced, their spears ready for action. In spite of the precise directions of my hunters everything was in disorder. The gorilla, twice located, roared horribly and came nearer to us, his presence visible by the movements of the banana trees.

Finally the inevitable happened. After three hours of patience, artfulness and brief spells of anger, the fury of the gorilla broke out.

The silence of the people behind the net in the bushes to my right made him believe that the field was free in this dark spot. Roaring without stopping to breathe, the gorilla rushed in that direction like a gust of wind, came upon the solid hunting net, tore it from top to bottom like a spider's web, received the first spear, the head of which bent in two in the wound, seized young Tinty, who had thrown it, received the second spear, which he broke, and of which he threw away the splintered shaft, keeping the iron in the wound. Then tearing up the brush and continually roaring, he vanished toward the swamp.

Night had fallen making pursuit impossible. The people gathered around young Tinty, who was half-dead from excitement more than his wounds.

The next day for several hours we followed the tracks, which, at first, were well marked by spots of blood, then by hands and feet pressed in the mud. The foot measured 12 inches in length, and the middle finger of the right hand 1½ inches across near the tip, which shows that it was a large gorilla. But after passing the swamp the blood from the wound seemed suddenly to have dried up. The underbrush had kept few marks of the animal. Here and there under a fallen leaf one of us discovered the impression of a toe. At the foot of a tree he had rested, sitting down in the favorite attitude of gorillas, and his back over more than three feet had stained the bark with blood.

Now we cried, "Victory!" There, worn out, he had slept flat on his stomach, his head on his fists. The tracks were very plain and the place still warm. The very odor of the beast remained. But from this spot the track was definitely lost.

Perhaps at the moment when I am writing this, that indefatigable hunter, Nkwa, and his friend, Madoya, have discovered while prowling through the forest a monstrous skeleton. Ants have had time to clean the last particle of flesh from it.

That is our gorilla, the one who slept in the sissongo at night and by day attacked villages on the road. Since the day of the hunt the sissongo is silent and the road empty. With sadness, with kindliness, perhaps, I sometimes imagine our terrible enemy when he was exhausted by his wounds and feeling too weak to stand up, resting silent and unperceived a few score feet away from us, who were seeking his tracks. Lying on his stomach in a thicket under a dead tree, he was listening from afar to our conferences. He heard us go away expressing our disappointment in loud voices. Some hours passed.

When the men were gone the old gorilla was in the forest familiar to him, his moist retreat during the dry seasons. Here in his own territory he could rest and regain his strength. While crossing the swamp he bent down with his feet and hands in the middle to staunch his thirst. The water was cool. He sat down at the foot of a tree and leaned against it to breathe. He rested, but fever and fear of his weakness prevented him from enjoying his rest. The fragment of the spear still sticking in his back tore him at every breath as it rubbed against the tree.

Leaning against the tree the old gorilla held in his black hands the twisted iron tip of the spear which he had pulled out of his wound. His little puzzled eyes tried to understand it. He bent his head over it to smell the odor of his own blood. A bound of rage caused him to throw the spear away and he roared, but the pain cut his roaring short. He looked at his reddened fingers and carefully licked them.

With an instinctive action his hand went to his wound and came back covered with blood. Each time, slowly and carefully, he licked his hand. Behind him the blood flowed from the wound down his back and on the bark of the tree and formed a puddle, which grew among the dead leaves. The gorilla grew weaker. His eyes closed. With a last effort he raised his head and with a gurgling noise lifted up his vast chest. He remained motionless, his bleeding hand on his thigh at the end of his enormous arm. And so I imagine he died.

From the day of this hunt I began to understand gorillas. Some people have said to me, "When you see gorillas you will be too much afraid to take a photograph." I might have said: "The invisible gorilla whose presence you can only guess at, hidden in thick vegetation, is more frightening than the one you see."

At the next village I succeeded in taking a photograph. I had already the evening before this great day surprised and seen my subject from afar. He was a large gorilla, turning gray, who was carefully skinning a banana and disappeared at the sound of people on the roadway. I was disappointed, and the black hunter also, for while he could not understand why I should risk my life by tracking a gorilla and keeping him at the end of my rifle without killing him, he could not excuse me for not having at least photographed it.

I have never spoken much of the black hunter. This big fellow was of a warm black color, slender, supple, with slight muscles, but yet able to endure the greatest fatigues of the forest. He was the son of an elephant hunter and a pupil of pigmies of his village. He can hardly sign his name with a clumsy pencil, but with the rifle, the bow, or the spear, he is an artist of the highest order. Impressed with his professional duty, which requires him always to come back with some game, and knowing that ability is nothing without good luck, he cultivates the latter by magic practices of astonishing variety. He is a good Christian, in spite of having three wives and a fourth whom he has bought with the money earned in my service, and never forgets to make the sign of the cross before eating a banana cake. Unfortunately, there were in this artistic character, in opposition to his remarkable abilities, most of the peculiar faults of the native Africans. He was vain, undependable, so that after two months with me on the track of gorillas he became absolutely useless and toward the end abandoned the work to me out of laziness and unconsciously succeeded in making me lose the results of our last encounters with the monsters.

Once, after dinner, we fired at some crocodiles on the river. Having hastily cleaned off the mud we went on to the plantation, where we had seen a gorilla yesterday.

Three hundred feet behind the plantation we were stopped suddenly on the road. Once more we were in new territory, covered with marshy thick brush. For many feet a layer of low vegetation smothered the noise of our footsteps as we climbed over trees and dodged around dead banana trees. The black hunter and I were alone, two men who accompanied us had remained behind. The old chief watched for the movement of gorillas from the road. We found that there were at least four of the animals. Three ahead of us toward the left were feeding on a row of banana trees, a fourth was so near me on the left that I expected the thin curtain of foliage would fall apart and show him within reach of my hand.

Thirty feet away a banana tree cracked, a black hand appeared and then an enormous head with gray hair, low and pointed skull, without neck and appearing in profile. This head of an old male of brutal force was at once monstrous, frightening and clownish.

The situation was not at all pleasant. Around a quarter circle at distances from 15 to 30 feet we were surrounded by gorillas. The one on the left might easily, if he suspected our presence, cut off our retreat. Our movements would be heard, our heads seen, and the problem was to photograph.

The old gorilla, who suspected something, picked up a banana and sat down, facing us to eat. For the first time I could contemplate before me one of those gigantic creatures alive. You, who trusting to authors, imagine the gorilla as a pathetic and faithful copy of the human being, should see this one. Calm your nerves, master the first movement of retreat and open your eyes. Admire the trapezoidal head buried in the shoulders, the peak which surmounts the skull, the projection of the eyebrows and the heavy jaw. His mouth opens and you can see his fangs. Even the tiger does not possess anything like this.

The little red eyes buried in their cavities turned toward us. I saw the black face and the mobile lips, the short hair coming down low over the forehead seemed the hair of an assassin.

I raised my apparatus softly to my eyes. The gorilla had his eyes lowered. The camera made a click, but the noise was lost in that of the leaves and I had a photo. I could see the heart of the black hunter beating violently under his bare chest, and his hands holding the rifle were wet with sweat, and yet it was evening and the air was cool. To tell the truth, both our hearts were beating violently. We were ordinarily calm and masters of ourselves, and yet it was certain that we were afraid. An uncontrollable exhausting fear, a terror without name took possession of us. However, the black hunter had killed 13 gorillas in his life, and I had sworn to take a photograph. I feared now that the gorillas hidden in the bush several feet away from us would hear the loud sounds made by our hearts. Anything would be preferable to this interminable waiting for the disaster—everything, including a rifle shot. But then we could not fire.

Slowly, carefully, without noise, but trembling a little, I took out paper No. 1 of my film pack. It came out at last. I was to tear it up later. I silently rearranged the apparatus and once more I was ready. The gorilla bent down, took another banana, and was in a bad place for me. I had to wait until he uncovered himself. I saw him, but he was going to see me. Standing upright on the tip of my feet with the objective well directed for the picture, I waited ready to take it.

The black hunter with his muscles taut and panting was ready to shoot. The gorilla once more showed me his gray head. I was still waiting. Once more I looked upon that thick bony head without forehead and with frightful caverns for eyes. I counted to myself, one, two. He lifted his eyes, saw me, roared and showed himself at full length. Three! I had a photograph and the gorilla charged at me.

I called hastily, "Look out! Look out!" I took a jump backward to the side of the black hunter, who shouldered his rifle. Other roars responded to the call of the old male, while I feverishly drew out paper No. 2 of my film pack.

Once more I loaded. Calm returned. The gorillas after running a few feet crouched down in the bush, their noses against the ground and waited motionless. The black hunter signaled me to retreat, and we did so in silence.

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

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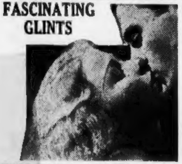
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Menus From Other Lands

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

WHEN the warm and drowsy days of early Summer are upon us, few of even the most staunch of homemakers tend to remain menu-minded. What a bore to plan meals, to cook the same old steaks and shinbones, to serve the same dishes and platters. Oh for a tropic isle where a dinner may be gained by climbing a banana tree or shaking a coconut palm!

The market is full of good things to eat, but the homemaker suffering from a bad case of Spring fever refuses to thrill at the newest of peas—why bother about food so much anyway?

But menus, like taxes, must not be neglected. And in this difficult but common housekeeping state of mind, there is one and only one thing to do, and that is, to make a great, a sudden, and a sweeping change. In short, the cook needs to benefit by a culinary change of scene.

One of the best suggestions and one which is an easy road to follow, is to imitate and copy the cooking of other countries than our own. Let's be exotic and go to China for our choice—for Chinese cooking is among the best in the world.

Many of the popular Chinese dishes are excellent tonics for Spring fever because they are largely vegetable, with sparing flavor gained from shredded chicken, beef or lamb. The accompanying inevitable rice, too, is a lighter and more digestible starch than others which we have been using heavily the past Winter.

It is now possible to purchase the chief ingredients for many dishes of Chinese origin at good grocery stores, and quickly to assemble them for a home dish of noodles, chop suey, or other delicacy. Such meals are inexpensive, may generally be prepared in advance of the actual meal time, and bring a tang or a dash of a quite different and stimulating appeal.

Use round steak cut into cubes, sliced celery and sliced onions, with bean sprouts or water chestnuts (canned), and tone up with a generous pouring of brown soy bean sauce (bottled). Serve candied kumquats or other glace fruits, or candied ginger as the topoff dessert.

The next port of call may well be the adjacent country of India, too little represented on our menus. Again we find many vegetable dishes, highly seasoned, chiefly with powdered or blended curry.

This too gives a pungent tonic to the dish, be it a curry of lamb, of veal, or plain vegetables and eggs. Indeed, a most simple way to make hard cooked eggs sophisticated, is to heat them in a brown sauce highly flavored with curry, and serve on hot boiled rice.

Again this is an economical country—for any left-over of lamb, beef, etc., may be made into a savory curry which should be served also with a hot relish such as chutney, India relish, or pickled mangoes (or peaches) or similar hot spiced fruit or vegetable.

This, again eaten with plain rice, is a welcome and complete change from the usual and now monotonous roast, chops, stews, etc. A curried chicken, or curried chicken legs, with hot rice, is another suggestion. Stewed fruits or fresh pineapple now also at the height of its season would make the perfect dessert.

Coming over the Pacific to Japan, here again are some simple but unusual dishes for the everyday menu. What cannot the Japanese do to sea-food! Shrimps, for example, become delectable when immersed (after parboiling) in a plain fritter batter, and cooked in deep fat until a light brown. The tail being left on, this forms a convenient handle by which to pick up each one and dip it in the soy sauce, now seasoned with horseradish.

Rice here also, and no dessert save an almond cookie or a bit of ripe fruit. What is called popularly "sukiakyi" is what in other lands is known as a stew, or a ragout. It consists of many vegetables, among them sliced celery and onions and spinach, together with a few bits of raw and finely shredded meat, in the thrifty Oriental manner. This again is a whole meal in one dish, and takes about 20 minutes to prepare and cook—from platter to plate.

From Mexico we can get other suggestions which must make eating in a warm and muggy atmosphere more full of appetite. Chilli does for the Mexican what curry does for the East Indian.

Any peppers, especially the red, cayenne, and the many varieties of chilli, red and green, are among the best stomatics, or digestants that we have in the entire food category. A wise use of the red pepper makes for tonic, and we find that in all hot climates where the weather slacks appetite, that pepper is used generously to counteract this condition.

Although chilli con carne is a very hearty dish, with its red beans and its diced beef and its rich gravy, nevertheless the liberal use of a prepared chilli powder which is now obtainable in all shops, makes its flavor distinctively tangy. One may shorten the work of preparation by buying the red beans already canned, and then adding fresh beef together with a well seasoned tomato sauce (also canned).

With us generally, beets are the most misunderstood vegetable. But the Russians and the Swedes have a way with them, and have realized their true worth in the menu. From the Russians we have beet soup, hot or cold (borscht to you), the most appetizing when cold.

She who has not given her family beet soup, should have a black mark chalked against her—for cold beet soup eaten with thick sour cream, eaten on a hot day in May or any other month, is the one answer to what shall we have for luncheon today? Spring is worth waiting for, if we have borscht made from new fresh beets—pared and sliced in thin slivers and cooked in beef broth or not, as you will.

The Swedes have made for us as many beet salads as there are days in the month. Diced and shredded and sliced, in vinegars, in spices, with sour cream dressing, with cucumbers—no one has yet compiled a list of all the possible salads made with beets.

Try a combination of potato salad with diced beets, in a genuine mayonnaise of homemade boiled or cream dressing. That, and fresh rye bread—and what you will to drink, and any Spring fever will evaporate even as the mists of a May morning.

Dandelions may be past their season now—but the small center leaves are good still. Pick and wash most carefully. Dice bacon small, and fry out in skillet. Add the dandelion leaves and pour over vinegar. Cover and simmer a few minutes until the leaves wilt. Beat an egg with ½ cup of cream and pour over, stirring rapidly with a fork as in scrambled eggs—serve at once—and ask for a second helping.

The Italians know a trick or two about cooking all kinds of greens and it will pay to watch some old Italian mother doing her stuff—escarole, and chicory, the giant celery-like plant the cardoon—and all manner of green leaves, forgetting not the combination of spinach and mushrooms cooked together in a cream sauce.

If you are tired of cooking meats in the old familiar ways, why not consider the Cornish pasty and its possibilities? Here we have a good well seasoned vegetable stew, with a little minced veal or lamb, all cooked to a rich and flavorful gravy. Roll out pastry to circles the size of a small salad plate. Lay on the stew, and cover or turn back the pastry to make the triangular shaped tart. Brush with egg and bake until brown.

Eaten hot or cold, the pastry is inexpensive, good tasting, and goes a long way for the money. Make up a batch and keep for two days, not forgetting them at the picnic, or for the in-between meals snack.

Another and almost last point—use different tools and utensils at even the same tasks. Just as there are more ways than one of washing the hands, or of drinking tea, or of paring potatoes, so there are new and probably unexpected ways of doing many kitchen tasks.

Take the novel little wringer pea-sheller, into which the pea pod is shoved, and which pops the peas out as the hand turns the small crank handle. That makes shelling peas sheer fun!

Or how do you cook rice? In a pot? In a skillet, or in a special rice ball of wire, so that it will not need any stirring or watching, and which will cook the rice to perfection until the last grain is fully burst?

Have you a glass knife with which to pare fruits? An egg-beater which beats exactly one egg—no more, no less? A shaver for potatoes which flips off the slices as fast as your hand can move? An electric casserole which will bake potatoes to the exact perfect point of mealiness—or anything like rhubarb, fruits, and all kinds of small cuts of meat, or scalloped what-have-yous?

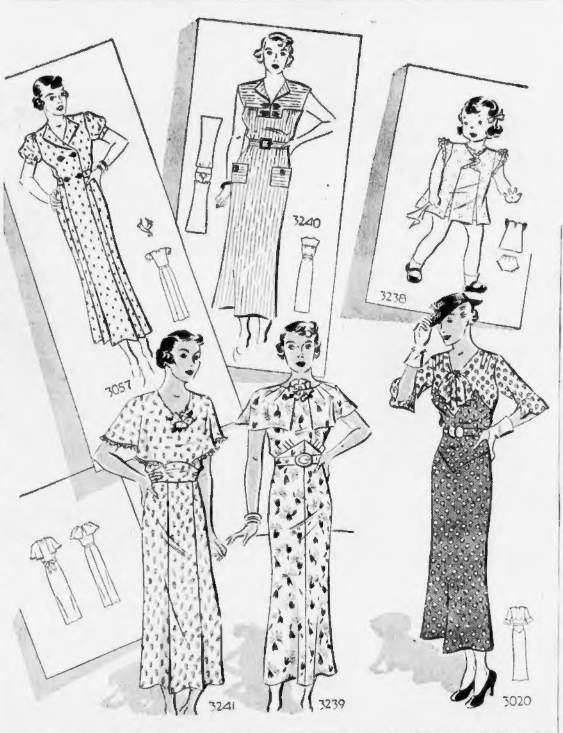
The homemaker needs a Spring vacation—even if she has to take it right at home. But she can visit other lands with her cooking spoon, and bring back new gadgets from her culinary travels—and no customs duty on her more appetizing meals.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit. Plain Omelet. Coffee.	*Breakfast* Whole Grain Cereal. Poached Eggs. Glazed Buns. Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit. Cereal. Broiled Bacon. Corn Gems. Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit. Cereal. Broiled Calf's Liver. Popovers. Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit. Cereal. French Toast. Syrup. Coffee.	*Breakfast* Prunes. Cereal. Tomato Fish Hash. Toast. Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit. Cereal. Scrambled Eggs with Minced Bacon. Toast. Coffee.
Luncheon Emergency Soup. Pulled Bread. Cherry Pudding. Iced Punch.	*Luncheon* Turban of Tuna Fish. Steamed Rice. Lettuce and Pineapple Salad. French Dressing. Fench Toast with Maple Syrup. Fruit Juice.	*Luncheon* Succotash. Toasted Corn Gems (Left-Overs). Beets with Butter Sauce. Watercress Salad. French Dressing. Strawberry Shortcake.	*Luncheon* Virginia Macaroni. Lettuce and Egg Salad. French Dressing. Jelly with Cream. Iced Tea.	*Luncheon* Cream of Vegetable Soup. Devilled Cheese. Beet Greens or Spinach. Toasted Crackers.	*Luncheon* Spaghetti Italienne. Green Bouquet Salad. French Dressing. Fruit Trifle. Cookies.	*Dinner* Roast Stuffed Chicken. Giblet Gravy. Steamed Rice. Noodles or Spanish Onions in Cream. Steamed Okra. Home-Made Fruit Mangoes. Lettuce with Ripe Olive French Dressing. Fruit Sherbet. Cookies.
Dinner Veal Casserole. Paprika Potatoes. Asparagus. Carrots. Chiffonade Green Salad. Lemon Dressing. Orange and Prune Surprise.	*Dinner* Salisbury Steak. Horseradish Sauce. Broiled Bananas. String Beans. Rhubarb Pie.	*Dinner* Mock Bisque Soup. Cold Corned Beef. Baked Rhubarb. Hashed Brown Potatoes. Cabbage. Angel Cake with Boiled Custard.	*Dinner (Company)* Anchovy and Egg Canapes. Crown Roast of Lamb. Asparagus Hollandaise. Banana Croquettes. Pistachio and Strawberry Ice Cream or Bavarian Cream. Coffee.	*Dinner* Strawberry Cocktails. Stuffed Fish Filets. Mushroom Sauce. Parsley Potatoes. Salad of Chives and Cucumbers. French Dressing. Baking Powder Babas with Apricot or Plum Sauce.	*Dinner (Picnic Style)* Cold Lamb (Left-Over). Favorite Potato Salad. Sliced Tomatoes. Warm Apple Pie with Vanilla Ice Cream.	*Supper* Assorted Sandwiches. Strawberry Waffles with Whipped Cream.

American Weekly Patterns



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Pattern 3240—SLEEVELESS HOUSE FROCK OF THE SHIRTWAIST TYPE—DESIGNED FOR FREEDOM OF ACTION. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch fabric.

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Pattern 3239—THERE'S YOUTH IN THE FETCHING CAPELET OF THIS YOUNG GIRL'S AFTERNOON DRESS. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric.

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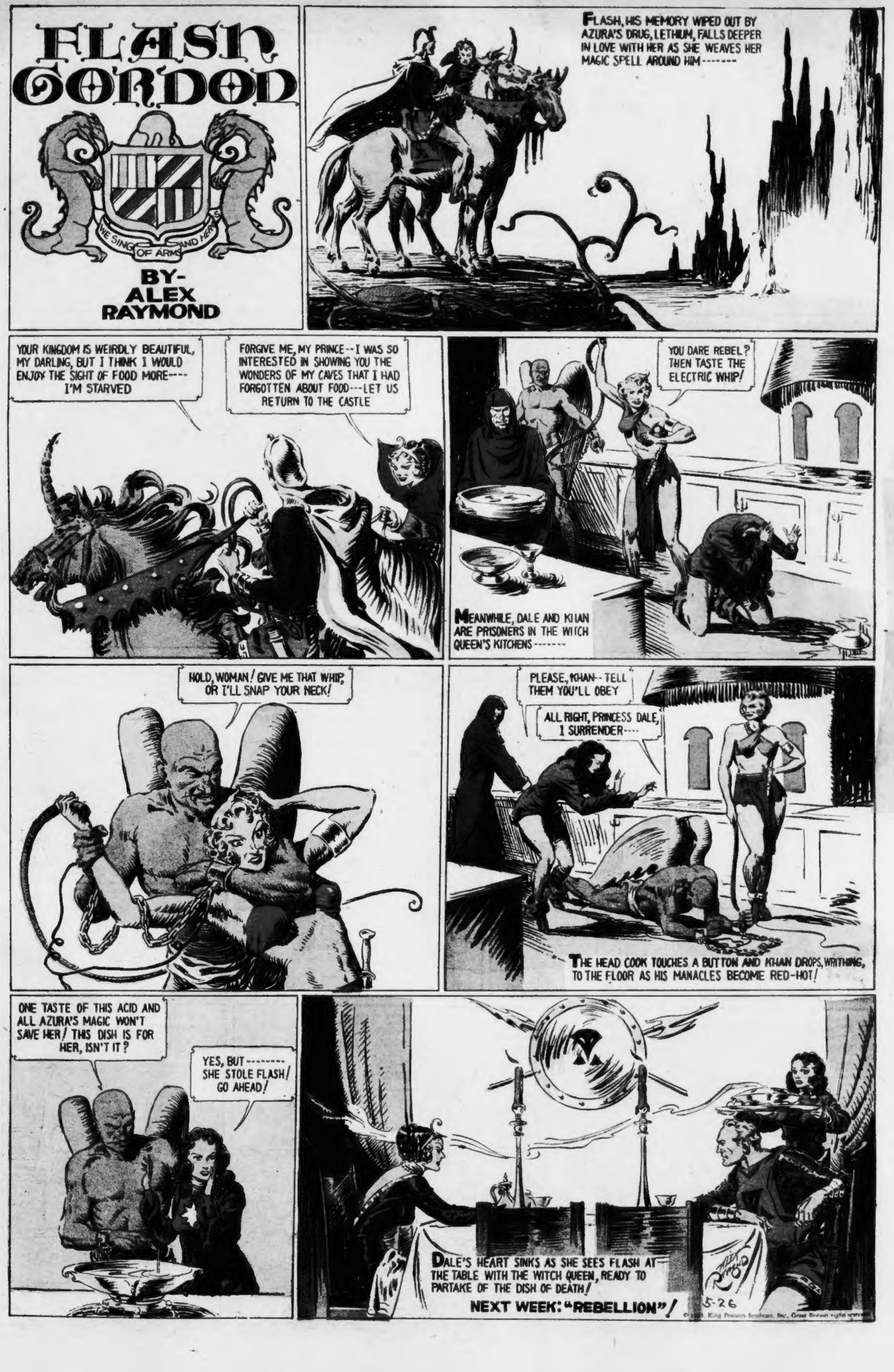
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FLASH, HIS MEMORY WIPED OUT BY AZURA'S DRUG, LETHIUM, FALLS DEEPER IN LOVE WITH HER AS SHE WEAVES HER MAGIC SPELL AROUND HIM -------
YOUR KINGDOM IS WEIRDLY BEAUTIFUL, MY DARLING, BUT I THINK I WOULD ENJOY THE SIGHT OF FOOD MORE---- I'M STARVED
FORGIVE ME, MY PRINCE--I WAS SO INTERESTED IN SHOWING YOU THE WONDERS OF MY CAVES THAT I HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT FOOD---LET US RETURN TO THE CASTLE
YOU DARE REBEL? THEN TASTE THE ELECTRIC WHIP!
MEANWHILE, DALE AND KHAN ARE PRISONERS IN THE WITCH QUEEN'S KITCHENS -------
HOLD, WOMAN! GIVE ME THAT WHIP, OR I'LL SNAP YOUR NECK!
PLEASE, KHAN--TELL THEM YOU'LL OBEY
ALL RIGHT, PRINCESS DALE, I SURRENDER----
THE HEAD COOK TOUCHES A BUTTON AND KHAN DROPS, WRITHING, TO THE FLOOR AS HIS MANACLES BECOME RED-HOT!
ONE TASTE OF THIS ACID AND ALL AZURA'S MAGIC WON'T SAVE HER! THIS DISH IS FOR HER, ISN'T IT?
YES, BUT -------- SHE STOLE FLASH! GO AHEAD!
DALE'S HEART SINKS AS SHE SEES FLASH AT THE TABLE WITH THE WITCH QUEEN, READY TO PARTAKE OF THE DISH OF DEATH!
ALEX RAYMOND
5-26
NEXT WEEK: "REBELLION"!

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